



*A. Brigham*

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

AMARIAH BRIGHAM, M. D.,

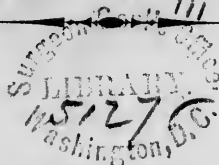
LATE SUPERINTENDENT

OF THE

NEW YORK STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM,

UTICA, N. Y.

[Ebenezer K. Hunt]



UTICA, N. Y.

W. O. McCLURE, 177 GENESEE STREET.

CURTISS & WHITE, PRINTERS, 171 GENESEE STREET.

1858.

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Film No. 6743. no. 4

## PREFACE.

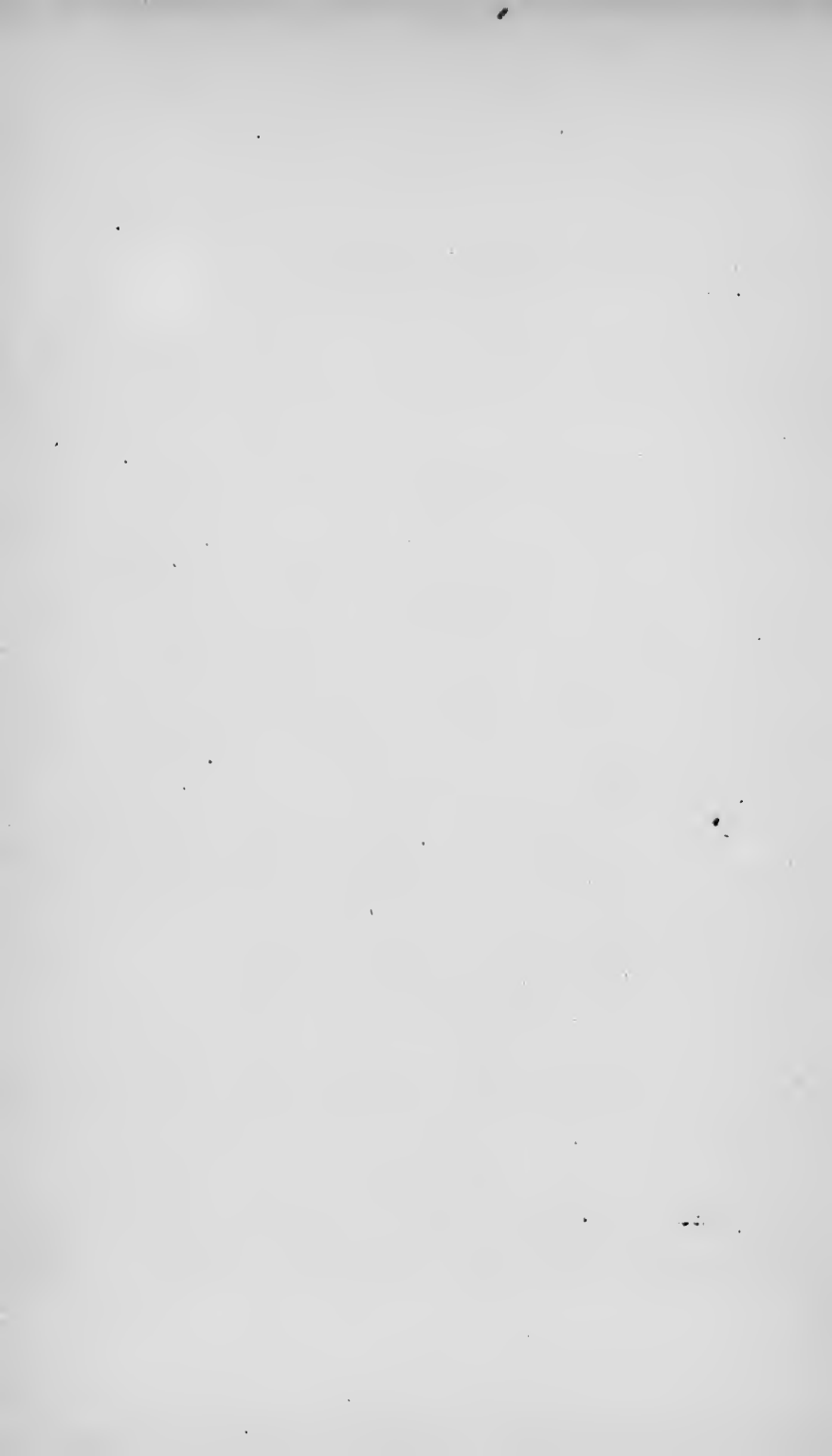
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It will be deemed scarcely necessary, I presume, by the surviving friends and acquaintances of the late Dr. Brigham, into whose hands, principally, the following humble and imperfect, yet heart-felt tribute will fall, to say any thing by way of preface.

It was prepared for the purpose of preserving a name worthy of our cherished remembrance, and a record of those labors and services which made that name deservedly distinguished. The materials for it, gathered though they were from a variety of sources, were intended and are believed to be strictly authentic. Nor can an apology be due for copying, with some degree of freedom, from his voluminous journal,—so unusual is it that the “inner life” of a man is set forth so entirely without disguise as is here done, and his mental culture, general intelligence, moral and social habits and tendencies, so unmistakably exhibited. As it is, my sole object will be gained, and the desire of my heart gratified, if it but answer the principal aim of its publication, as just suggested, and receive the approval of those for whom it was designed, and to whom it is most respectfully dedicated.

E. K. H.

HARTFORD, May 20, 1858.



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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THE late AMARIAH BRIGHAM was a native of New Marlboro', Berkshire County, Massachusetts, where he was born December 26th, 1798.

His father was a highly respectable farmer, who died after an illness of several years, leaving a widow and six children. His estimable and eminently pious mother, regarding only the welfare of her beloved child, was induced, soon after the death of her husband, to accept the offer of his brother, a physician of considerable reputation, living at Schoharie, N. Y., to take Amariah into his family, and educate him to his own profession.

Though the youngest of four sons, and only eleven years of age, of a slender and delicate frame, and possessing a constitution by no means vigorous, he left the home of his childhood, with all its endearments, to spend, as was then supposed, the several succeeding years beneath the roof and under the guidance and direction of his paternal uncle. One short year however, only elapsed before he too followed his deceased brother, and his youthful charge was again left without a guide, without means, or other counselor than his wise and affectionate mother. He was naturally a thoughtful and self-reliant boy—made so, in part, by the circumstances of his condition, which had served to awaken and develop these qualities of his mind. This we may safely infer also from the fact, that

not long after his uncle's death, at an age which could not much have exceeded thirteen years, he made his way to Albany alone, and there, without a friend to assist or advise him, procured for himself a place as clerk in a bookstore, where he spent the three following years. Here he performed the round of duty which usually devolves upon boys occupying a position of this kind, but, it is said, had much leisure time, which he spent, not slothfully or in idleness, nor in the society of thoughtless or vicious companions, but in the constant reading of the books to which he had access. While his reading was, doubtless, without a definite plan, and probably quite miscellaneous, he here acquired a fondness for books, and habits of study, which ever after constituted a noticeable feature of his character. Indeed, the numerous observations which he made while abroad, relating to historical and other matters with which he was manifestly quite familiar, may, many of them, be safely referred to this, as the time when he first became conversant with them. Here, too, he also had an opportunity to acquire a knowledge of men, as well as of books, which he would not be likely to neglect; and by having no one to look up to for counsel and assistance, developed still further that confidence in himself which his destitute situation required.

On leaving Albany, he returned again to New Marlboro', where his mother then resided, and there spent the four following years—occupied, at first, in the studies usually pursued by advanced pupils in our schools, and at length entering the office of Dr. E. C. Peet, of that town, as a student of medicine.

It does not appear that his advantages during any part of this preparatory course, at all exceeded those that usually fall to the lot of medical students, or that he obtained

a diploma from any medical college. Says one of his biographers, "He spent a year in New York attending lectures," which, in the absence of other evidence may fairly be supposed to signify, that he attended during a single session or term, which at that day was regarded by the profession as sufficient to qualify a candidate to enter upon practice. Subsequently, and before commencing the active duties of professional life, he spent about a year with the late Dr. Plumb, of Canaan, Connecticut; and from a brother practitioner now of this city, but who then resided in a neighboring State, and often saw him, we learn that while his habits of study were somewhat peculiar and original, he was, nevertheless, a diligent and successful student. The period which elapsed between the time of his leaving Albany and entering upon the duties of his profession, must have been a little less than five years, all of which was spent in the pursuit of knowledge, either of a professional or general character.

Having acquired a fondness for books, improved, and to some extent tested the powers of his mind, during his residence in Albany, he was, indeed, in some respects, highly favored in the privileges which he enjoyed in the quiet town in which he spent the several following years. Here was nothing to be found calculated either to distract his mind or to call off his thoughts, even temporarily, from study; while the great fact constantly stood forth fully, and sometimes, doubtless, painfully, before him, that he was to be the sole architect of his own fortune. He commenced practice, a youth somewhat short of his majority, in the town of Enfield, Mass., where he remained but two years. He removed thence to Greenfield, the shire-town of Franklin County, a large and flourishing place, lying on the Connecticut river. Of his history while at Enfield we



are left to conjecture ; but the fact that, after so short a period of practice, he should have felt himself qualified to submit his claims to notice and support, to so searching an ordeal as that of a refined and cultivated community, and was willing to risk the results of active professional competition, shows, at least, his estimate of himself, and his confidence of success. His determined boldness stands out in still stronger relief, when we learn, that he purchased at the outset, the entire property of a practitioner then in ill health, a brother of Judge Washburn, consisting of a dwelling-house and out-buildings, horse, carriage, library, &c., the payment of which not only absorbed the savings of the previous years, but must also have involved him pecuniarily to some extent. Here that industry and system in the management of his affairs—that patience, and accuracy of observation, and soundness of judgment which characterized his after years, were exhibited and largely developed. Here, also, shone forth those genial social qualities which made him everywhere welcome, and the delight of a large circle of admiring friends. He practiced at Greenfield uninterruptedly about seven years, and it is well known that he early secured the confidence of his fellow citizens, was extensively patronized, and eminently successful. He was especially fond of surgery, and achieved considerable reputation in this branch of our art—indeed, so much that he became widely known, and was largely employed in this department. That he was during all this time a diligent student and growing man, though fully employed in the active duties of his profession, we learn in part from the fact, that he prepared and delivered a course of popular lectures on chemistry while here, at once indicating great fondness on his part for natural science, and much careful study of a branch, which it would

otherwise have been supposed he would most likely neglect. Besides, he began with his professional life, that most improving of professional exercises, a detailed daily history of every case he was called upon to treat—a practice certain to sharpen the powers of observation, excite to study and research, improve the reflective faculties, strengthen and mature the judgment; while it also gives one imperceptibly, a readiness in the use of the pen, a capacity of expression, which are not the growth of a day, but which when acquired, become invaluable to the possessor. He at times, also, left temporarily the field of his active labors, ostensibly for relaxation, but in fact, that by visits to the larger cities, intercourse with their medical men, and examination of their hospitals, he might increase his stores of practical knowledge.

That a young man, but twenty-nine years of age, whose purse had always been slender,—whose scanty support, for several years previous to the commencement of professional life, had been procured, in part at least, if not wholly, by teaching, during the winter months, district schools,—whose opportunities for mental improvement had been such only as are usually regarded as inferior, and even meager,—whose self-denials of every sort had been many and great,—should so soon, upon the removal of this burden from his mind and spirits, have aspired not only to high rank in his profession, but have boldly resolved to do what very few then undertook, and still fewer of these from resources of their own earning, for the purpose of improving himself professionally and otherwise, by foreign travel, exhibits to every one who reflects upon the procedure, a degree of self-reliance, intelligence, and manly courage, not often equaled. It appears, however, that it was a plan which he devised while engaged in active practice, the contemplation of

which, as the obstacles to its fulfillment yielded one by one to his prolonged reflections, was a solace, doubtless, to many a dark and weary ride. He had already, in a period of seven years, paid for the place which he had purchased on commencing business at Greenfield, had steadily added to his library, lived suitably to his position, and, besides, had accumulated means sufficient, with the sale of his property, to meet the expenses incident to a voyage to Europe, which he had now decided to make, and a year's residence there. In the fulfillment of this purpose he was obliged, though most reluctantly doubtless, to leave the place in which he had spent the dawn of his manhood, had numerous friends, and unquestionably many and tender attachments.

I have regarded it as due to the object we have in view, to copy from the pages of the voluminous journal, kept by him during his entire absence, not only enough to indicate the route of his travels, and the opportunities they consequently afforded for extended and interesting observations; but also, to give the reader a correct idea, as well of what he saw, as his method of viewing things, and to exhibit also, to some extent, his mental culture and acquirements at this time. It will be observed, I think, by those who subsequently became acquainted with Dr. B., and who may peruse these pages, that the basis of that character, which was afterwards so well illustrated in a public capacity, was fully established before he went abroad. His systematic, independent, and often original observations and descriptions, show that those qualities of mind from which they spring were already well developed and in active exercise. For example: at the commencement of his voyage, undertaken July 16th, 1828, he describes the vessel in which he sails, the number and sex of his fellow

passengers, the name of the captain and number of the crew, the articles of food provided at the different meals, cost of passage, &c. Often, while he graphically represents the outline, or exterior of some noble park or edifice, he also, where opportunity offers, examines and describes the several parts, and in numerous instances, after noticing some imposing structure as a whole, also describes the apartments devoted to culinary or other domestic purposes; enumerating such articles or arrangements as struck his mind as either peculiarly adapted to their respective purposes or otherwise. This is especially true of the many hospitals which he visited in the course of his journeyings. It is further proper to remark here,—and it is an observation worthy of notice—that though his journal contains only the hastily written observations of each day, prepared for his private use, without a thought, probably, of its ever being opened to the inspection of any one besides himself, or possibly, to the glance of here and there a partial and trusted friend, I have found nothing anywhere, which did not exhibit on his part, entire purity of heart and correctness of conduct. He was manifestly controlled at this time by no strong religious scruples, and went, in whatever place he was, just where his tastes and inclinations suggested; but never, I repeat, at any time, so far as appears, where either good taste or sound morals would have forbidden.

The tour embraced travels, and a residence more or less prolonged, in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Sicily, and Spain, and brief extracts from the record made by him while in these several countries, or a reference to it will be made.

On arriving at Liverpool, among the many objects of interest which attracted his attention, was the Botanic Gar-

den ; and the following is his entry in reference to it. After complimenting the politeness of the keeper,—who permitted him to enter without a ticket contrary to the regulations, because he was a stranger from the United States,—he says: “There are seven hundred proprietors of this garden, which contains ten thousands distinct species of plants. It excels in plants from the tropics, which are abundant and beautiful. I noticed the banana, twenty to thirty feet high, and its trunk five or eight inches through, its leaves two and a half feet wide, and six or seven long, and very green. Also I saw the *Stalitiza Angusta*, from Africa, which resembles the banana, and is very rare. I noticed the papyrus, which the ancients used as paper. It is found five feet high, with single stem, and a top like dill. Its stalk is slender, and only an inch in diameter ; the outer bark the ancients stripped off and wrote upon. It is now very green. I saw our common brake in a flower pot. It looked sickly, as though much notice and high living had disordered its digestion ; while the mullen, also found here, has become so puffed out and bloated, that I hardly recognized it, having, like an over-fed alderman, grown out of all natural proportion. The garden occupies eight acres, and is intersected by numerous graveled walks lined with evergreens. There is also a pond for aquatic plants, like lilies, &c. The celebrated Roscoe, who resides but a little way from here in the suburbs, was one of the founders of this garden, and now often visits it : also a Mr. Le Philips (I believe,) has contributed much to it. I was much gratified with a view of the garden. The keeper told me it was the best in the kingdom, and that the one in Glasgow was second to it. I offered him money which he declined.”

His observations at Liverpool embraced its “splendid docks,” its churches and other public buildings, theatres,

&c. From Liverpool he went to Manchester by Chester, to which latter place he walked; making copious notes of the character of the soil, husbandry, conversations with the people by the way, etc. He seems to have made quite a careful survey of this ancient town, and found much to interest him; among them, the wall which surrounds the town, and the Roodie, a large beautiful meadow of eighty acres, where the celebrated Chester races are run. Of one of its churches he says: "I looked in at the neat and purely Gothic church of St. Mary's; the congregation looked like the nobility. Several ancient families are buried here, but what attracted my attention most was the graves of three witches in the yard, who were hung at Manchester Assizes, A. D. 1636. This church is near the town, on the hill, is very ancient, and was given by Randall, second Earl of Chester, to the Monks of St. Werburgh. What good times the Monks have had round this hill!"

He also gives, drawn in outline, a plan of the town, and located upon it in their relative positions, the principal objects of interest, both within and without its walls. The next object that especially called for his notice, was the splendid residence of Earl Grosvenor—Eaton Hall. His description of this place, I shall transcribe, and it must stand as a specimen of those that he left in his journal, of numerous other structures, public and private, which he visited while in England. "As the morning was fine," he says, "I concluded after breakfast, to walk to Eaton Hall, four miles. I left Chester with a feeling of thankfulness for the pleasure I had derived from a view of its old relics, and long shall I remember it. I passed over a fine stone bridge, by the mills, across the Dee, and after walking about a mile over a beautiful, level, hard road, I came to a handsome gate, and a small stone house, where a girl

told me, that through this gate was the way to Eaton Hall. I left the main road on the left, and entered upon the grounds attached to the residence of the Earl. There are eight or nine hundred acres all along the road, and for most of the way are beautiful flowers and low trees, and I saw some birds that appeared quite tame, and more than a dozen hare of various sizes passed me. There was some rising ground and open space occasionally, where I had a fine view of the surrounding county of Chester, its spires, etc. About a mile from the Hall, is a large stone gate, with the Earl's arms upon it, or 'dogs,' also a house. Here the shrubbery disappears, and a large field opens, inclosed with an iron railing, and in which I saw great numbers of sheep, cows, horses, and deer; the sheep were very fat and very large, and not fine-wooled,—the cows very large. I saw forty deer, with large broad horns, and was told the Earl had eight hundred; they were small, but very fat. Near the Hall I passed through a wooden gate, and as it was but ten o'clock, and the Hall is never opened until eleven, I rang the bell of the garden gate, and the gardener came and very civilly exhibited to me his beautiful domain. The garden occupies seventy acres, and within it is a small artificial lake, with sail boats, etc. The view from the garden is very beautiful, of the Hall especially. The garden itself abounded with flowers and fruit, and appeared a paradise. Here was the large aloe plant, though it has not blossomed yet, grapes in hot houses trained against the walls, pine apples, peaches, apricots, hollyhocks, the sweet pea, etc. etc. In some parts of the garden were fragments of beautiful stones, crystals, etc., laid around to adorn the walks. The grounds employ seventy hands, often more, and the house fifty or sixty more. Near the Hall and in the garden are majestic oaks and elms, and the prospect all

around is beautiful—but the place wants elevation and elevated scenery—it is nearly level. The whole establishment is now in fine order, as the Earl is expected in a few days. The Hall is splendid externally, pure gothic, with elegant outhouses, the whole built of gray stone, apparently hard, and sawed. Spires and towers project from all parts of the extensive building ; the windows are large, especially those of the lower story.

“ But the splendor outside, is not to be compared with the magnificence, and beauty, and elegance within. Visitors first enter a large hall, where they write their names in a book. I saw many from the United States had been here. This entrance hall contains two large paintings. The floor is beautiful, of colored marble, and cost eighteen hundred guineas. The inside doors are very large, and massive, and cost one hundred guineas each. In the saloon or music room, are painted windows, by Collins of London, which cost six hundred guineas each, and also those in the dining room. The state-bed room and drawing rooms are immense, and the state-bed is superb. Here are elegant chairs that cost fifty guineas each, and fire-places that cost four thousand, and chandeliers fifteen hundred guineas. In this are some ancient paintings,—and some modern by West,—one of Cromwell dissolving Parliament, backed by a set of sturdy looking fellows ; and one of the landing of Charles II. In the dining room, are portraits of Lord and Lady Grosvenor, and of the Earls of Chester, on the windows. I visited the Library, and saw that much of it was made up of wood painted like books, as ‘ Gil Blas,’ ‘ Encyclop. Britan.’ I saw, however, some real books, mostly modern, as ‘ Hall’s South America,’ ‘ Napoleon in Exile,’ ‘ Scott’s Novels.’ All the furniture is gothic. The rooms are, many of them, hung around with elegant satin in folds,



and in the drawing room are all sorts of luxurious seats, Turkish beds, etc. In the library are tables made up of all the varieties of the British oak, highly polished and beautiful. Overhead, the rooms and halls preserve the Gothic style, and being gilded, look superb and heavenly. Standing at one end of the hall which runs through the building, and looking through to the other, the painted windows, chandeliers, gilded ceilings, etc., present a glorious spectacle. The Hall is said to be four hundred and fifty feet long, and with the out buildings seven hundred feet. The Earl's income is immense; notwithstanding, a teamster I met on the road, told me, he was not lenient to his tenants, but often drove the farmers of Cheshire for their rent. May our country never have such an unequal distribution of wealth as is here seen—such splendid edifices, and near by, squalid poverty to a great extent.”

After a general survey of Manchester, under the guidance of a polite resident, visiting its Exchange, Post-office, Collegiate Church, Town Hall, Portico, and noted the busy industry of this great manufacturing town, of which its numerous tall chimneys constantly sending forth their immense volumes of smoke are the index, he says: “The houses are in general low, seldom over three stories, and all look old and dirty outside, and the knockers of all are japanned black. In fact, everything looks dirty and smoky, except the pretty girls; indeed, all the well dressed females here are pretty.”

Returning to Liverpool, he immediately passed over to Ireland, taking a steamer for Dublin. His subsequent movements, indicate his purpose to have been, to suspend temporarily at this point his travels in England, to pass through Ireland from south to north, then to visit Scotland, and return through England to London. On reaching

Dublin, he remarks as follows: "Much depends on the bills, how a traveler likes a place:—Liverpool I cannot like, as I had enormous bills at the Adelphi. Here, at Holmes' Commercial Hotel, I am yet much pleased. The house is immense, containing several hundred rooms, with bed, carpet, chest, etc. in each, and the rules, prices, etc., are posted in each, and everything cheap. Breakfast of coffee and roll, and two eggs, one shilling; mock turtle soup, eighteen pence; whisky or ale, thirteen pence; roast beef and potatoes, one shilling sixpence; a night's lodging, one shilling sixpence; sixpence for servants; two pence per day for brushing, and same for boots."

Of the many objects of interest of which he took notes while here, I refer only to the Mendicity House, so called, where the poor are fed. Of this he says: "Usually fifteen hundred get food here daily. They are required to work from nine o'clock, A. M., to six P. M. None are compelled to come, and all sleep elsewhere; I saw them taking breakfast. Ninety-eight out of a hundred of them are ragged women, each having a tin dish and spoon, and receives a large lump of mashed potato, which contains a trifle of meat, or is mixed up with meat broth. It was curious to see them, seated and standing all round a hall and yard, eating this their whole diet. I saw the kitchen, where the potatoes—four tons a day—are boiled in large potash kettles, and mixed up with the broth of meat in another, then mashed and carried in large wooden kegs or half barrels, to an office, where it is dealt out. I also saw in the yard, the small carts, that are sent out to beg for this institution, meat, etc. The employment of the inmates is picking oakum, and spinning. I saw many of them spinning on a little wheel common in our country; also schools for the children of these poor; one room of boys with slates, and

man teacher, and two rooms of girls, with woman teacher. In one, they sung the multiplication table, keeping time with their newly washed hands ; I saw but few pretty ones. In another room, the girls were making lace. Young ladies of the first families, give their time and attention here, to the instruction of these children,—ministering angels, thought I. The parents here receive no clothing, but the children do ; each little girl's apron I observed, was marked 'Mendicity.' I was much pleased with the institution."

He visited the Ferris Street Hospital, Steven's Hospital, Swift's Lunatic Hospital, and Royal Hospital. As at Chester, he leaves upon his journal, an outline plan of Dublin, with the relative position of the more prominent objects laid down upon it.

As he passed on to Belfast, through Newry, Hillsborough, Lisbourne, etc., while charmed with the fine views, he is saddened by the extreme poverty of the people. He says : "The view is pleasing, from the extent of highly cultivated fields, interspersed with occasional hills and streams. The want of woods, however, is a defect, and the thousand mud cottages, with no floors, and often with no roofs, spoil all the lovely prospect."

Stopping at Belfast for a short time only, though sufficient to enable him to ramble over the place, and get some idea of it, he proceeds to the Giant's Causeway. Reaching it at length, he makes a deliberate and delighted survey of it. In concluding a description of it, and an imperfect attempt to illustrate it by a drawing, he says : "The entire Causeway presents a scene I can never forget. Sublime, yet beautiful as art ; how it came I know not, but would fain believe giants built it."

Returning to Belfast, he took a steamer for Glasgow.

Here the Cathedral, University, and Botanic Garden attracted his notice especially. "The impression I have received here," he says, "is, that it is a business place,—considerable manufacturing, houses good, and have a smooth and fair appearance, being built of stone; but there is here a disagreeable smoke, from factory chimneys. There are many churches; some of them look well; but the Roman Catholic, a gothic structure, fronting the Clyde, is by far the best."

Leaving Glasgow, he proceeds to Dunbarton, on a tour to Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, by Stirling to Edinburgh. With this interesting region, the copious entries in his diary, show him to have been much pleased, and also that his readings had made him beforehand, acquainted with the classic ground over which he was passing. On reaching Edinburgh, he first went to witness the fine prospect to be obtained from Carlton Hill, then with a friend to the Castle, from whence he says, he beheld the finest view he had ever seen. What he found within the wall of this remarkable fortress, it would take long to enumerate, nor is it necessary. Holyrood palace, and the old Abbey, were both visited, and their most interesting features described; also the Royal Society House, Botanic Garden, and Herriot's Hospital for free burghers' boys. Of the last he says, "There are here an hundred and eighty boys,—take them from seven to fourteen, and teach all branches. Saw their bed rooms, dining room, gymnasium and baths, which I liked much. If the boys do not wash by six or seven o'clock, they are showered as a punishment. Some boys have brown coats and leather caps. Saw the chapel, portrait of Herriot, and in library Dwight's travels."

Of his visit to the Royal Infirmary, he says: "It is four stories, with large wings. I like the external better than

its internal appearance. There are twenty to fifty beds in each ward, somewhat dirty, not as clean as some in Dublin, or in the United States; a little more white-wash wanted. Patient's name, age, by whom recommended, and when admitted, is on a small board at the head of each bed. I walked round it, and thought of the great *Medics*, who had and who now attend." Here follow the items of his bill at Barry's Hotel, which it was his custom, as appears from his diary, to record. Of this hotel he says: "I think it the best house for a family journeying I ever saw: but a traveler should go to a house that has a public room."

Leaving Edinburgh for Newcastle, he passed Mèlrose, Jedburgh, Alenwick Castle, where he saw the Dutchess' breakfast on a table, "about as good as mine at Barry's," he says.

At York, visited the Cathedral, or Minster, and heard the Dean preach. Stopped also at Newstead Abbey, which he describes, with the surrounding grounds; "also saw within, Byron's bed, a good one, gilt frame; also a sofa without a back; his dressing-room and a portrait; besides his cup, made from a human skull, and lines on it. The skull is very dark colored, light, and artery of dura-mater very plain; has a silver rim three-fourths of an inch broad. In the cellar I saw the stone coffin it was taken from. No one knows whose skull it was, but it was ancient. I also saw the dog's tomb, back of the Abbey, but near it; is a large, high and square monument, with sides of marble, on one of which are the lines, and also a description I never saw published, of his qualities. It is surrounded by many circular steps of free-stone—all must have cost considerable. 'He was born,' it says, '1803, and died 1808; was killed for madness;' but Byron never knew, never was told

of it." The Abbey itself is curious, its cloisters, its chapel —(now a chapel, Byron had it for a bath,) and the old wall, with huge windows over-run with ivy, on which you look from the house ; nothing in England has so interested me."

Passing many pleasant towns, he arrives at London, September 10th, where he spends the several following weeks. Of the many wonders which he saw in London, and of which he makes a copious record, I shall specify but few. His daily notes are evidence, both of his untiring activity, and high appréciation of the privilege which his previous industry and economy had opened to him. Among other objects, which a physician would hardly have been expected to notice, but which he visited, was the Old Bailey ; at one of the sessions of the Court which sits there daily, he • was present, and gives a graphic account of his visit, and of the proceedings of the tribunal. The despatch of business, the kindness and fairness, as well as the patience of the judges, forcibly struck and exceedingly pleased him.

Though he visited Europe, ostensibly for the purpose of gratifying a commendable curiosity, and improving himself generally, he rarely failed to visit the Hospitals, and many other benevolent institutions which were to be found in the great cities through which he passed, or in which he sojourned. He went, more or less frequently, to all the principal Hospitals of London ; where he made himself known, was politely noticed, and on some occasions accompanied the physician having charge, in his daily round. Not long after reaching London, he makes the following entry : "Went to St. Thomas' Hospital, and then to Guy's, where I accompanied Mr. Bransby Cooper to see his patients ; and as the patients of each surgeon and physician are scattered over all the wards, mixed together, I saw them all. Thought it would be better to have each sur-

geon's cases together ; also to have surgical and medical separate. There are many wards, and each has thirty to forty beds, which have curtains that can be pulled around—rooms are finely ventilated, and clean, though not so clean as I have seen in the United States. At the bed of each patient hang two cards, one saying, low or middle diet, &c.; the other has on it the patient's name, time of admission, and in large letters that of his physician or surgeon, and under it is written the name of the house-surgeon in attendance. Why not also say what the disease is? I think I saw an uncommon number of incurables, swelled joints, for which limbs must be amputated, noli me tangere, or lupus ; saw some suffering from vicious indulgences in garret. I notice they give iodine for tumors, also quinine, calomel, and opium, as we do. Common emetic is gr. 15 ipecac, and gr. 1 tart. antim. et potass, mixed. Was kindly admitted to the operating room. It is quite small, quite inferior to Boston.

"Saw Mr. Cooper perform lithotomy—on a little boy, only eight years old ; was but about three minutes about it ; that is, from taking the knife till stone was out. He was instantly carried away ; bore it well ; no dressing ; was tied. Mr. C. operated solely with the knife ; ran in director first through urethra. There was some delay in getting hold of stone, which was hard and rough. Mr. Cooper is nephew of Sir Astley ; appears to be blind of left eye, or has a film over it, is a man of good size ; made no fuss about operation ; did not take off coat ; had no artery to tie. Never use gorget here, knife only, and finger for director. Judging from Mr. C.'s looks, I think he might be a passionate or rather an obstinate man, likely to stand his antagonists of the lancet a *long pull*."

Wherever he spent much time, he occasionally visited

the theatre, which always came in for a full notice upon the pages of his journal. The following is an average specimen : "In evening, went to Haymarket Theatre ; paid five shillings ; pit three ; first gallery, which affords good seats here, is two shillings. There is also another gallery behind, still cheaper. The house is small, but very neat ; much gilding, and good, though small, glass chandeliers ; candles are also used. House, (Covent Garden, and Drury Lane, being yet closed,) is very full—pit and every part ; more females than males, I think. You do not get the lower tier of boxes without engaging them beforehand, or give the door-keeper a shilling ; they do not often wear bonnets below. The plays were the Foundling of Faust, Valeria, and Green eyed monster. I liked first best, though Valeria, a blind girl restored to sight, is the chief attraction. I laughed, till I ached, at the green eyed monster. A miss K. is best here ; she acted Valeria ; is handsome, and speaks plain ; and so do all here, not as much rant here I think, as in United States, often. Mr. C. was best male actor, though all did well. But how strange the fancy for French pieces ; Valeria is French. What I most wondered at here, is the mixing up of bad with virtuous women. I saw hundreds of them in second tier, and can go below. They keep coming in and going out, flauntingly and ridiculously dressed : why is it suffered that they should thus mix up with modest, respectable females ?"

He often speaks of the weather while in London, in September, as very pleasant for successive days ; attended with a clearness of sky, equal to that of the United States.

The exterior of St. Paul's did not much delight him. There is not a look of vastness without, "though the more I see it," he says, "the more I like it. I admire the interior ; it is vast, high, and splendid. He notices at length



its monuments, dome, choir, etc., etc., and remarks, "but somehow it does not to me look like a temple of God."

The poverty and wretchedness which he often sees, makes a deep impression upon his mind, and on one occasion he exclaims: "But Oh, what forms of misery! This day, a paper contains the notice of two suicides from poverty, i. e. of men out of employment. Strive to peddle, beg, etc. and often drink, I suppose—and who would not—but finally kill themselves; it is termed, *from derangement*, but could they receive two shillings a day for hard labor, such cases would not be. See men and women all day and night, striving to sell a few apples and canes for support; too honest to steal, too proud to beg. I pity them. How heedless great cities are of suffering. To-night, a drunken, sick or dying woman lay on door-step; every passer stopped a moment—said nothing—and passed, and forgot forever. England excels in many things; the fine country seats of the rich surpass anything in the United States; each is a paradise—but how many poor around. In fine, I find England a better country for the rich, and a worse one for the poor, than I had anticipated." His account of his visit to the House of Lords, House of Commons, and Westminster Abbey, of which he gives a drawing indicative of the position of its principal monuments, is lengthy, and afforded him much satisfaction. At the Royal College of Surgeons, he was permitted to examine the museum of John Hunter, with the additions by Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Wm. Blizard, etc. His description of such things only, as especially attracted his attention is very full, and indicates the great interest he took in beholding this wonderful exhibition, though he concludes his remarks in relation to it, with the following qualified compliment.—"A grand collection, well arranged; requiring industry, and nothing else."

At his first visit at St. Bartholomew's, he went the rounds of the Hospital with Mr. Lawrence, then in attendance, and gives a description of the forms of disease, and the method of treating some of those which he saw, its arrangements, etc.; also of the personal appearance, and dress of Mr. L.

Here he subsequently heard Mr. Abernethy lecture; and speaks of him and his lecture, as follows: "Mr. A. came in hobbling; is lame, and appeared when he rose to leave, as if he had pain of hip. He is old and white headed, and may wear a wig, though I think not; is sixty-five; florid complexion, and appears to be an old wit, like an old comedy actor. He was clapped, but he never heeded it, and was busy looking at his watch, and then looked up at a new bust, (of himself, I believe,) behind him. He seated himself, and began to talk, had no notes. Said he did not know what surgery *was*—but now, medical men concluded that all cases in which neither honor nor profit was to be gained, were surgical. He said he was of the old school—all indebted to Hunter—had made little progress before Hunter or since—and intimated that fever had local origin. Said, Take a case of compound fracture, in a few days *fever*,—here many bleed, especially French; in town cannot bleed; may in country; but be careful of that fluid; buffy coat best indication of the need of bleeding:—allay irritation by opium in regular doses, day and night; soon sore suppurates, fever subsides, does well. But if fever again returns, then you have what you may call erysipelas if you please; pulse uniformly fast, here give opium and cordials and bark, it will strengthen; but do not *throw* in the bark. Egad, it is a phrase germain to the matter, for they *shovel* it in. Lastly comes on delirium in bad cases, sore sloughs, granulations die away, often from disorder of the bowels,

tongue becomes black and dry, and patient usually dies. Here any medical man called, would say it was typhus fever. I once amputated at this stage a compound fracture ; tibia sawed off an inch ; saw granulations from both ends nearly together ; but patient had diarrhœa, and all the granulations died in one night ; case became typhus, artery burst, and patient was covered with blood ; student said he was dead ; I said, if so, no harm to amputate ; I threw his leg over side of bed, and cut off the thigh. Egad, he revived ; at last got well, and was a sturdy beggar for many years. I have known many limbs taken off when patients were unconscious. It seems as if I had said enough about this, all I know, in fact. So he lectures and talks ; many egads, and ohs, an so so's, eh, eh ; has much wit. I think he is amusing, but after all, is he profound ; is he not behind the young men following him ? I think likely the class he belongs to, are passing off, to be succeeded by a more learned and modest set. Who cannot rely upon oddity or wit for reputation ? Mr. A.'s has made him."

At the London University he heard Dr. Conolly's introductory lecture on medicine. "House full," he says, "near eight hundred present ; room good ; is half circle ; designed for all lectures, chemistry and all. Dr. C. was attended by the other professors, all in gowns, etc. Is of middle size ; say of F. R., [Dr. B. is in the habit of comparing those whom he describes to some acquaintance whom he thinks they resemble,] very handsome ; blue eyes, darkish hair, tolerably fine head, whiskers ; lisps ; but is very elegant and genteel. He gave a long and good discourse ; advised the students to virtuous, and even religious lives ; to persevere and give all their time to their profession ; to cultivate polite literature, and avoid low pleasures. He

urged them to strive to become useful, and they need have no fear of failure; never knew an instance of failure after due perseverance, or of success without merit. Dr. C. had gloves on; had many drawings, and said he should teach by them." Br. B. saw on this occasion, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Paris, Dr. Scudamore, and had some conversation with Dr. James Johnson, and describes the personal appearance of each.

He heard, and describes in a similar manner, several other of the more distinguished lecturers of the metropolis; and on the 6th of October, leaves for France, arriving at Paris on the 8th. He thus describes the first dinner which he took at the table d'hôte of the Hotel de Lille, and which cost three francs, exclusive of wine, which is from two to nine francs a bottle. "We had excellent soup, good large fish, sole, venison cut in slices, and little pieces of pork stuck in it, and some acid with it; beef, *pigeons and onions*, potatoes, red cabbage fried, very good, veal, fricasseed fowl, maccaroni, etc. etc.; then fine grapes, pears, cheese, small sugar-like cakes, almonds, walnuts, etc. etc.; in short, one of the best dinners I ever ate. Just as the fruit came in, three men and two women, with violins and guitars, entered, and each gave them a few sous. I was delighted; for, as it is not well to hurry at dinner, and especially immediately after, it is exceedingly pleasing to have good music while sipping wine and munching nuts. I am sure it helps digestion, by putting one into that quiet state of mind necessary for this."

Everything was new, possessed the charm of novelty, and found our subject in a frame to enjoy. He at once commenced the study of the French language, which he continued uninterruptedly during his residence in Paris. He subsequently took a few lessons in drawing, and also

in dancing. He made an early visit to the garden of the Tuilleries, to which he again and again returned ; never ceasing to admire it, and to make an exception in its favor whenever subsequently, he saw any grounds of a similar character. Of the numerous amusements, and more simple occupations of the French people, as he witnessed them in his walks and rambles, he took much notice, and describes such as especially struck his fancy. Here, it is quite likely, he obtained some of those useful suggestions in regard to employments, which he afterwards so appropriately applied to the uses of the insane. After visiting the Museum of Natural History ; where, as on other occasions, he was reminded of the generosity and politeness of the French, he remarks : “ I can not but admire, and be thankful for the liberality, which opens all these wonders to the public.”

From the large volume in manuscript, which contains his notes while here, it is difficult to select. That he saw everything worth seeing, in the few months that he spent in Paris, can not be supposed ; but every day was fully and well occupied, and furnished a large amount of useful information, as well as valuable material for thought and reflection in after years. Here, as elsewhere, he spent more time, at places devoted to works of art, and exhibited a stronger relish for them, than I supposed him to possess. But his frequent visits to the Louvre, and other places, where either superior pictures or statuary were to be found, leave us no room for doubt.

I shall extract his description of his first visit to the Opera, or Academy of Music, which he occasionally attended, which will indicate, both his object in visiting it, and his capacity to appreciate performances of this character. “ After dinner,” he says : “ went with friends to the Opera,

or Royal Academy of Music. The price is ten francs for balcony; second tier, seven; and pit, three francs twelve sous. We went into the pit; house was well filled, and is very splendid; only one light, that one an immense chandelier over the pit; also lights in front of the orchestra. The house is very large, I judged larger than Drury or Covent Garden; has five rows of boxes. King's is very splendid, ornamented with green silk, gold, etc. All the house is extensively and beautifully gilded, and columns large; the ground, with cushions, etc., are all green. I liked it better than the red of London. The opera was the 'Muette de Portici;' founded on the fact of the government of Naples being in possession of the lower class for eleven days, in consequence of some offense given to the daughter of one of this class, by a prince. The whole is in music, and a dumb girl acted the pantomime well. The scenery consisted of interior of gardens of palaces, in the environs of Naples. The view of the market of Naples was fine, and I presume true; men with legs bare above the knee, and only shirts and caps on, with a great coat, hung or pegged on one shoulder; all peddling fruit, fish, fowls, dancing, etc. Last, was a view of Mt. Vesuvius, exceedingly grand, more so than I ever saw. At first, the mountain appears quiet, only emitting a little smoke, and then large columns of black and white smoke ascend and descend; then comes lightning and soon flames, and lastly, the lava is seen ascending or spouting up with immense rapidity, like an upward shower of red hot metal, and runs down in streams, forming large streaks of molten flame, on the sides of the mountain; accompanied with heavy thunder, lightning, and lastly, a shower of stones and earth. In the midst of this, the stage is crowded with combatants, firing, and all appear like men of flame, from the glare thrown on them from the burning mountain.

“The orchestra is very large, consisting, I thought, of about a hundred performers. I saw eight or ten large bass viols and drums ; and all make a tremendous noise. I could not like this noise, but at one time, when the vast crowd on the stage fell on their knees to give thanks for their deliverance from their enemies, the sweet music of the instruments, accompanied by hundreds of voices, all kneeling in a suppliant manner, and between the pauses—entire stillness pervading the house, seemed in fancy, like that of heaven. The dancing was extraordinary ; but I do not admire modern dancing in all its parts. Some of the balances are very fine, but the whirling, and the putting out of one leg at right angles with the body, I cannot think graceful, though it may be difficult. I was, however, on the whole, much pleased with it. The dancers were numerous, and dressed elegantly ; some in green habits, and yellow satin gowns, holding white gauze scarfs in their hands ; others with red gowns, and tambourines, and all with rattles in their hands ; and so many, and such a vast crowd of hundreds, all moving at once in perfect time, was admirable. Indeed, the truth of the scenery was accurate, by having vast crowds of performers, so as to fill the immense stage, and coming and going as in real life, as at market or a dance.

“I was pleased with the manners of the audience—all still. In the pit, there are no women, though at the upper part of it, it is railed off, and there women are ; and indeed the lower tier of boxes is on a level with the pit ; but I saw many instances of men going out of the pit, leaving a glove or handkerchief to keep their place.”

Among the customs prevailing at Paris, he describes that which he found existing at first class boarding houses, as follows :

“Wine, usually red wine, *Vin ordinaire*, is everywhere drank. At public houses, a card is handed to each guest, who selects the wine he prefers, and is charged extra therefor—but at my boarding house, wine at breakfast and dinner is found without separate charge—all included in two hundred francs a month. Everywhere, soup is the first dish. At Hotel de Lille, all the dishes were brought on at first, but here each one is separate, and always dessert. Here also, each one is furnished with a napkin, i. e. a white towel-like—some having a band or mark for them—and all roll them up so as to know them, and have them again. All have four-tined silver forks, and attention to wiping knives at each change of plates is not as strict as in our country;—though it is always done if you indicate that it is desired—but changes of plates are more frequent. Drinking of healths I have never known practised, and although all are polite at table, none are foppishly or ridiculously so. Dinner is the only meal we have together; breakfast being taken in our bed-rooms, sitting-rooms, or at a *café*. If tea or coffee is wanted after dinner, go to the *café* for them. Usually, but two meals are taken daily. Here, I rise at eight o’clock, have my coffee or breakfast at nine; which consists of a little tin-shaving-cup-like of hot coffee, a large earthen cup of boiling hot milk, two small rolls of bread, butter and salt; the salt is necessary on account of the freshness of the butter. A servant fetches it all in on a server, and carries it away, and I remain in my room till twelve or after; then ramble until two, three, or five, and dine at about half past five, or six o’clock, and take nothing else, unless coffee at a *café*. Bedroom is well furnished; each has a bureau, table, good chairs, and fire-place; beds very good, though not as lavishly supplied with pillows as the English; and every room has from two to four mirrors, four or five feet square.”



Of the numerous public buildings noticed and described while in Paris, I shall give but a single example, that of the Palace at St. Cloud, as follows : " St. Cloud is six miles from Paris, formerly the favorite residence of Napoleon, and now the summer one of the present Royal family. We passed along the Tuilleries, and also through the immense Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile, and then through the wood of Boulogne, to the village of that name; then across a bridge of the Seine, into the village of St. Cloud, and the Palace, which stands upon a hill, rising above the village, and looking towards Paris. Here a large group were waiting, and soon a servant appeared with keys, and conducted us over the Palace, explaining each room, pictures, etc. The Palace consists of a front, and wings; each side as large as the front, extending out in front of it, thus leaving an area before the middle front. We entered the middle front through a hall, and up a broad flight of stairs, exceedingly rich and magnificent, to the left, into the second story, into a splendid ante-chamber. From here we went into the first saloon, i. e., saloon of Mars, in which the painted ceilings are very fine, and fine large Ionic columns. From this, we went into the gallery of Apollo—the largest room we saw—occupying most of this wing of the building. It is most splendidly furnished, ceilings finely painted, and each side lined with pictures of the seasons; and over the windows are fruits painted, and there are some immense porcelain vases, with two bronze boys crawling over the brim; many bass-reliefs, much gilding, some curiosities, such as a bronze horse with Henry (king) on it, small—and small bronze Laocoon and a Centaur, Greek, etc. From this, we went into the saloon of Diana, (smaller,) but contains elegant furniture; paintings, etc. From here we returned, and went through the front rooms in the front

part,—consisting of billiard room, with table and suites of rooms, elegantly furnished with time pieces by Sappant, and Robin, and the curtains of rich silk, which cost immense sums. From these rooms, we went into those of the right wing, through several not very richly furnished, for the Dauphiness; I was surprised at it—her bed though was rich, and a large looking-glass back of it. Then her toilette was fine, and all the rooms of hers neat, but not rich. Turning round, and going back behind these, through the Dauphin's rooms, which are very richly furnished, rich bed, paintings, (one of a tiger strangled by a snake, fine,) sofas, billiards, etc., we went into the back rooms, forming the rear of the front, in which is the King's bed,—a small cot—his library,—a good collection. I took up a volume of Segur's Memoirs on the table. The rooms are grandly furnished, two having large portraits in them. I noticed one of Marquis D'Elbe covered with blood; Pichegru, Moreau, Cadondal, etc. etc. It seemed as if they consisted mostly of the traitors to Napoleon. From here, we came round to where we entered, and left. Thus we saw only the second story, and indeed in this, a suite of rooms behind the saloon of Mars and Apollo, we did not see. From here, we ascended the hill, back of the gardens, from which is the best view I ever saw: all Paris and its environs; the Seine, St. Cloud, etc., lie before you. We rambled through the garden—some fine resting houses, and elegant little carriage for young Duke of Bordeaux—then we examined the water-spouts, and rambled through the woods, down into the thickets, where huge trees, statues and fountains, make an enchanting scene. We came out at the foot of the hill by an artificial cascade,—the water falling from one basin into another,—while hundreds of fountains playing on its top, bottom, sides, etc., dogs, snakes, men,

etc., etc., spouting forth water, make a pleasing and a wonderful sight. The trees are mostly elm, chestnut, (horse,) ash, etc. I saw immensely large horse chestnut trees, as large as any elms, and a grand row of large elms. Indeed, it is a beautiful residence, combining all of the beautiful and luxurious in art, with the wildness and beauty of nature. I examined it with much attention as the loved residence of Napoleon. The floors are all of oak in small bits, laid in diamond form, as is usual here, with all floors that are not stone or brick."

A visit which he made to Père la Chaise, and thus describes, will repay perusal: "The grounds gradually rise from where you enter, until you reach a height that overlooks Paris. On this high ground, the most noted are buried. On entering, the Jews' burial ground is on the right; and the public graves, i. e. for common people, on the left; (there the bodies are removed in a few years;) Abelard and Heloise are buried on the right, near the Jews' burial ground, in a gothic, open building, very neat and good, chaste, etc. The Marshals appear to be near each other, i. e., Lefebvre, Marshal Davoust, Massena, and near is Ney; Massena, I think, has best monument. It is a high, square, marble column, and thus lettered, in succession, beginning at the top; Rivoli—Zurich—Genes—Essling—Massena, mort 4th April 1817, and nothing more. Talma is buried near, but has no monument yet; Ney is buried near, but has no monument. *Ney*, is cut with a penknife, coarsely, on the stone over him, and a large, stout iron railing surrounds him; many people were around his grave. Gen. Foy is buried west of Ney some distance, a small tablet for the present, but an immense number of wreaths are thrown in upon his grave. The beautiful monuments are very numerous, covering acres; and all among

the cypresses and other trees, forming a complete wood, about ten or twenty feet high, and all evergreen. Almost every grave has a monument;—some are large, almost houses, and painted glass windows—others fine columns; others canopy with fine supports; such is that to Countess Demidoff, of Russia—most superb monument here. Many have round columns, some gilded, most of them are of Paris stone; some of marble, as Massena's; some granite; some black; some have cloth coverings, being made of frail materials, or have images under the canopy. To-day, is the Fête des morts—the day when kindred and friends resort here, to bedeck the tombs of their deceased: for a half mile before I reached Père la Chaise, I saw many women, engaged in making wreaths and crosses of flowers, by sewing flowers, both natural and artificial, on to hoops, and selling them to visitants, and almost every grave had some; Gen. Foy's, many. Some have hooks in the stone to hang them on; others have glasses attached to the stone to hold them; some have images holding flowers and fruit. Some graves have only crosses. I saw here many priests; went into the small chapel; some giving money; some praying by graves, etc. In fine, I never before saw any thing so properly contrived for a cemetery—the rising ground, and the evergreens are very appropriate—and how delightful, or rather, what a soothing pleasure must it give friends, here to resort, and, as I see hundreds to-day, decorate the tombs of their beloved but departed friends; I should, I think, do so myself, had I any friends here interred: I shall visit it again."

Early in November, he began attendance upon lectures at the School of Medicine; his entry Nov. 5th, being, "Got my tickets; heard Thenard; is about forty-five, good size, speaks slow, sits while lecturing." His diary indicates,

that he attended lectures regularly, either here or elsewhere, though he did not take copious notes. It may reasonably be doubted, whether he understood the language as spoken, sufficiently well to derive that amount of benefit from lectures, that a more perfect acquaintance with it would have enabled him to acquire. He witnessed many operations,—describes them, also the subsequent treatment. He visited several, if not all the principal Hospitals; recording their internal arrangements, etc., etc., as in London. Some of his entries I shall quote. With a friend he called upon Magendie. “M. lives in good style; rooms carpeted, paintings, engraving etc.; is not married, is from thirty-five to forty, speaks English tolerably, rather short, and stout, has round head, forehead not high but broad; appears amiable, and undoubtedly is so; talked about circulation of his books in the United States, invited me to visit insane hospital at eight o’clock, A. M.”

Of a visit to Hôtel Dieu he thus speaks: “Wards very large, some two hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, three rows of beds; mostly, but not all, iron bedsteads; brick floors, arched roof, high, light and airy; places to boil water, etc., in each ward, shelf at head of bed for patient’s cup, and a note of time of admission. Operating room small and dirty; kitchen dark, but neat; also pharmaceutical room; use copper boilers, all look neat. All rooms warmed by large earthen stoves with copper pipes; beds have white curtains. Saw many sick, especially women; and some of the Sisters, with long flowing bonnets, waiting upon them. In the wards, saw bust of Charles X, and monuments to Desault and Bichat. At the Anatomical museum, found many dry preparations, also casts of diseased parts; some paintings of disease, and many fine wax preparations. Among others, he heard Roux lecture

on surgical pathology. "He spoke very fast, and without notes, to some three or four hundred students, in a room that would accommodate twelve hundred. Many students were dirty, and poorly clad; some took notes." He also heard Orfila address a crowded audience. He is from thirty-five to forty, middle size, genteel, dark hair, but a strip of baldness across his head; has a retreating forehead; said to be a Spaniard, and to have hesitated long, whether to be a doctor or a stage player."

On one occasion, he followed M. Dupuytren, and one hundred or more students, in his round at the Hôtel Dieu. He says: "M. D. appears well, rather rough, and thorough going, but says, 'bon jour' to all sick; little of the French manner; gave good attention to all the wants of the sick, by leaning forward his head, so that they could whisper their secrets. He is about fifty, stout, gray, bullet-head, has white sheet for apron, looks like — —, of Canaan Ct. After visiting the sick, went into the operating room, and lectured at his ease, sitting, on lumbar abscess, aneurisms, etc., cases they had just seen."

Having heard M. Guizot, Professor of Modern History, lecture at the Sorbonne, he says: "M. G. appears to be very popular, and was long and loudly cheered when he entered; he is small and middle aged. He lectured in the large and elegant room of the Sorbonne. In this room are four full-sized casts; two of them of Corneille and Racine; about twenty busts, of Homer, Cicero, etc.; and twenty sitting portraits of distinguished modern scientific men—Buffon, Leibnitz, Newton, Le Grange, Lavoisier;—it is the finest lecture room I have ever seen, and was crowded."

At a visit to the National Institute, he happened to witness a sitting of the Academy of Sciences; consisting of sixty-five members, to which are to be added, a hundred

corresponding members. Nearly all the members were present, so that he was enabled to see them, and notice the proceedings. Of Cuvier, he says, "He is a large, healthy looking man, wears a high shirt collar; with long gray hair; large, long nose, but on the whole, a good countenance. He is from fifty-five to sixty years old, vigorous, and will weigh two hundred and twenty-five pounds."

After a similar notice of several other members, he remarks: "I should say, that here the doctrine of temperaments and craniology must be put to flight, for there are forms and heads of all kinds, and all equally great men. I should say, one-third are very large, fleshy men; one-third small and short, below middle size; and one-third, tall, and very slim men. I also noticed some singular foreheads, exceedingly retreating. A distinguished engineer has a retreating forehead, by high back part. Cuvier has a very large head, but others small ones.

"Indeed, Cruveilhier says, 'there is no more in Gall's bumps than in lines on hand; but much in the general notion that a good forehead indicates intellect—shows many thick skulls, and those which on the inside had depressions not indicated by bumps on the outside.'" He took notes as above, of several other distinguished men and lecturers, and for some three months, attended with regularity, several lectures daily.

Of his visit to Versailles, Trianon, etc., his description is more full than that of St. Cloud. In conclusion, he says: "After a day spent in viewing the wonders presented by the former, I have never seen and never expect to see so splendid a place as Versailles, such a useless display of wealth or waste of it—and after all it is not very grand; but astonishing, in view of the labor spent upon it, and its cost. I do not admire it as much as St. Cloud; and do not wonder that Napoleon chose the latter."

His habits while in Paris, as might have been anticipated, were eminently social; his evenings, many of them, perhaps a majority, having been spent in society. He gives a detailed description of the etiquette which was observed at social gatherings, or parties, at which he was present; and of a *soirée*, given by the Marquis De Lafayette, to which he was invited, says: "In the evening went to the Marquis De Lafayette's *Soirée*. The old General looks younger and more fleshy in the face than when in the United States. His sister is with him, and his son-in-law and family, live in same street. On entering, he took me by both my hands, and several times inquired about the United States; talked of Presidency; was anxious to hear who formed the new cabinet; heard, he said, that Galatin would be one.

"The General's house contained many rooms, but only three for company. These were not large, and none ornamented, except his bed-room, which has a few ornaments; such as an engraving of the Battle of Bunker Hill,—Death of Gen. Montgomery,—Washington's Farewell Address,—Declaration of Independence; and the same on parchment, voted him in '24,—a clock with bust of Gen. Washington,—French Declaration of Rights of Man,—a silver vase given him by the midshipmen of the *Brandywine*,—Explanation of Constitution of the United States. His bed,—small and neat—with good chairs and sofas, is in this room. There was no music, dancing, or gaming; refreshments consisted of tea, lemonade, cake. Many Americans I saw there, also MM. Villmain and Guizot. I understood that Lafayette had been to court but once since the return of the king. There were many ladies present, and I again saw his grand daughters,—dressed neatly, immense muslin sleeves with blue silk gowns, hair dressed high, but no head ornaments."



Just before leaving Paris, he went to visit the school for the deaf and dumb; an account of which will close my observations here. "It is," he remarks, "in a large building; was founded by Abbé de l' Epée, in 1760, has had many directors, among whom the Abbé Siccard was the most useful, as he made great improvements. He died in 1822. Clerc was his pupil. There was to-day, a large assemblage of men and women; and first, a man habited somewhat as a priest, made an address; saying that ancient Greece and Rome had nothing to compare with it. There were seen only about a dozen scholars, and two at a time were examined. Their dress is dark, with blue cuffs and collars, and metal buttons; except one most advanced, who was dressed as others. First, two young ones examined; they wrote on a large black board, what he made signs for; (all wrote fast,) he made signs of beasts,—cat, dog, etc. Then others were exercised with adjectives added. I see they have signs for these things; do not spell them; then others answered questions that were written for them by the company of visitors; such as, What is honor? glory? roguery? hypocrisy? etc. All, all, I thought answered very well, without hesitating. I believe the best had been there four years; the crowd clapped them. I thought this very unnecessary toward the deaf and dumb, and saw they manifested very little sensibility to this kind of applause. I was most surprised at the readiness with which they wrote and comprehended, and was affected by this proof of the perfection to which this system of instruction is carried; all wrote well, and appeared as bright looking boys as I ever saw, and no appearance of being deaf and dumb. They seemed to have acquired a perfectability of sight. I saw in the ante-chamber things which they made; they were pretty articles in wood, some turned, looking-glasses, boxes, etc., etc., all very neat indeed."

He left for Lyons, Feb. 18th, 1829, after a residence of four months in the capital of France. His copious notes taken by the way, show that he was still observant of what was going on around him. Though early in the season, the people of the agricultural districts had already commenced preparations for the ensuing crops. Men and women were busily engaged in clearing up the fields, and an opportunity was afforded of learning something of the character of the soil, people, etc. The brief occasional stops of the diligence, enabled him to survey many little villages through which they passed; an opportunity, which his journal shows, he did not fail to improve. Though he spent but little time at Lyons, it was sufficiently long, to enable him to ramble about the place, and to visit, among other things, its hospital and museum: the latter containing pictures, antiquities, specimens in natural history, etc. "We saw," he says "several Professors in the different rooms of the building, giving lectures,—one on chemistry, another on drawing, free to all who wished to be present, and the rooms were well filled."

Leaving Lyons for Geneva, he was soon traveling among the still snow-clad mountains of Italy, and a people suffering from a disease which he was for the first time to behold. Of that portion of his journey where goitre and cretinism seem to be indigenous, he says: "The route all day, since leaving Chambray, has been along the banks of small brooks, through narrow valleys, bounded on either side by mighty mountains of rock. These valleys appear warm, produce wine, grain, &c., and the mountains are frequently cultivated for a considerable distance up their sides. I see many huts here—small, made of stone, and roofs covered with straw. All day I have met people with goitres; one-half I saw are so; and many cretins—rickety-looking chil-

dren, with broad heads, sometimes projecting foreheads, and eyes nearly closed, breast bones projecting, and sometimes lame. Some came to the diligence to beg—always smiling and showing their goitres—their voices sounding horribly, as if they spoke through throats ulcerated and without palates. I saw some goitres hanging down half a foot—three or more on one person—and observed that it was not always the thyroid gland that was enlarged, but others, above and below. All the people of the valleys that I have seen, are under size, have an old look, and are generally clad in coarse, white woolen clothes—the women and children all wearing caps. I never saw so great a proportion of children, especially girls—all dirty, but generally healthy, though there are many exceptions, some being pale and bloodless. I was much interested in examining these wretched specimens of the human race.” Not many miles beyond, and while in the valley of the Air, he says: “I can see there have been many marshes, which the construction of this new road has mostly drained; though there are yet some exceptions where the brook spreads out to a great extent, leaving, in a dry time, a barren track of nothing but pebbles and sand. It is said that this road, by draining the marshes, has exterminated goitres and cretinism, which, I think, may be in a great measure true.”

Passing over Mount Cenis, and along charming vallies, containing numerous little villages, he at length arrives at Turin. After a general survey of the place, visiting the Cabinet of Natural History, the Royal Palace, several churches, the theatre, which he thought superior to the Royal Opera of Paris; he says: “I think it must be a lovely place in summer; situated in a charming valley, surrounded by mountain scenery, and fine streets, or rather shaded walks, delightful promenades, etc. But I see too

many soldiers and priests, to take away the hard earned means of the industrious. There must, however, be much wealth here, as I see many, a very great proportion of well-dressed men, especially young men, perhaps students."

Leaving Turin, a ride of twenty-four hours over the Appenines brought him to Genoa. "I was not so much struck," he says, "by the magnificence of Genoa, as I expected to be; as it does not look, indeed, is not, large; but some of the palaces, and they are numerous, have an external appearance of magnificence, greatness, like residences of kings, that I have never noticed in any buildings I have yet seen." After a visit to several of the churches, the paintings and statuary in which he describes; the University, King's Palace, etc., he goes to the Hospitals. Of that for Incurables, he says: "It is a noble institution, and has the look of being old, as it is embellished with many statues of its benefactors, that look old and black. The number of inmates is between eight and nine hundred, I think. The bedsteads are of iron, but without curtains or posts for them. The rooms are spacious, tolerably well aired and clean, for an old house. I noticed most of the Incurables were deformed, maimed men, women and children; also *maniacs*. These last interested me much. I was surprised to see them all—that is, all the crazy men—in one room, and without any partitions; most of them had strong chains, fastening them to their beds; and I saw some in women's apartment, where they were eating breakfast of lettuce and oil, I thought. But oh, the fury and noise,—probably some excited by my entering. Some were hallooing, some laughing, some eating and screaming like fiends; some beckoned to me with fury, others with smiles. In fact, I never had so perfect an idea of Bedlam, as in these rooms; there are from fifty to a hundred crazy peo-

ple. I think it is very wrong that all should be thus together, as their beds joined, and nothing intervened. The kitchen and apothecary establishment looked well, and spacious.

“The great Hospital for Sick and Foundlings, had six hundred men, and eight hundred women, sick in it. The building is immense, looks newish, and has many statues. Its rooms are high, well aired, and tolerably neat, with brick floors. The bedsteads are of iron, but low, and no curtains, except for a few who have just been operated on. The beds are arranged in four rows in one hall; two rows on a side, thus leaving a great space in the middle, which renders the hall supportable, and better than at Lyons, though I think bedsteads here not as good as at Paris. The apothecary’s apartment is large, neat and good; but kitchen small, and did not look very neat. I was pleased to see in some few instances, a history of the case written out, and put above the patient, but I did not often see it. I saw the operating room; not very well lighted; but as well as Hôtel Dieu, at Paris. The Museum of Anatomy was very small, consisting only of a few skeletons and preparations. On the whole, I liked this spacious and well aired hospital, founded by Bartholemo Bosco, whose statue is here.”

From the Carnival, which was in full activity during the days he stopped here, he says, “I derived no pleasure, and cannot perceive that others did.”

On leaving Genoa, he next proceeded to Pisa, on his way to Florence. This part of Italy abounds in olives, oranges, and lemons, as well as the vine; the road for some distance being lined with trees of the one kind or the other. I was surprised to see olive trees high up the mountain, in some instances on the very pinnacle of the

Appenines; whence *probably* Noah's dove plucked her leaf or branch. I think both olives and raisins might be cultivated successfully in the United States, were it not that labor is so high." Speaking of the many showy villages they passed, he says: "What is shameful and surprising is, that these villages are more crowded than cities, i. e., the houses are more compactly built; streets exceedingly narrow, and often not clean." They stopped at Pisa, long enough to see the Leaning Tower, Campo Santo, Baptistery, Duomo, and Hospital, all situated near each other, and near the outskirts, instead of the central part of the town. A plan of all, with a description of each, is found in his journal. Of the Hospital, he says: "It is large, and the wards I visited, I liked; large, long, and very broad, and had but one row of beds each side; thus leaving a great empty space for air. I did not like the bedsteads, they were like iron cot bedsteads somewhat, and had no upward projecting posts."

Judging from his own observations of the climate, he remarks: "I think I shall never advise consumptive persons to come to any part of Europe I have yet seen, for the sake of a warm climate in winter."

An early visit after reaching Florence, was made to the Royal Gallery. Of the building itself, and its several parts, with their precious contents, he gives a lengthy description. I shall, however, only transcribe from his notes a part of his description of the paintings, which he saw on his visit to the Palazzo Pitti, or Royal residence. After passing through several family apartments, naming and describing such articles as especially attracted his notice, he proceeds to the rooms—six in number—occupied by paintings. "There are here about two hundred, and all have large and elegant frames; among the rest I

noticed some fine, large landscapes, by S. Rosa ; one as fine as Claude Loraine's, though different. C. L. takes his on a warm sunset ; but S. Rosa as if in the cold season ; he also excels in rocks. I saw an awful battle-piece of his here, in which I *felt* the agony of some of the wounded. I was surprised to see two 'landscapes of Reubens' ; they were excellent, soft, green,—and pity he had not confined himself to such. I think Our Saviour, dead—and St. John—the Madonna,—and Mary Magdalen, by Fra Bartolemeo, very excellent. St. Mark by same, is good, but colossal—hence unnatural. The Fates, by M. Angelo, *ugly looking* ; a child, i. e. head and face, by Corregio, laughing, and shaded pale and blue, is very good. I saw here some of the stiff paintings of Peitro Perugino,—well painted but stiff. He was Raphael's master, and Raphael's first are like P. P.'s school, his second style is more free ; his last, such as *one* here, and a few others, are perhaps, best in the world. His Madonna Della Seggiola, in his third and best style, is perfect. The painting is small, round,—say three feet in diameter, has a large frame, and glass case. The painting is but little cracked, as varnished ones are, and looks quite new. I think I never saw any thing so perfect, so lovely. We gazed long at it,—left it, and returned,—and finally parted with great regret. The Madonna is seated, looks young, Grecian, a slightly colored cheek, auburn hair, wears a handkerchief turban, a shawl, red sleeves and gown, and blue petticoat—is dressed simply. Jesus, from six to twelve months old, is seated in her lap, with his legs bare, and she presses him gently to her, and inclines her head towards him. St. John is seen standing by her lap, on the side opposite the spectator ; leaning against her, his head and hands only being seen. He holds a small crucifix, and his hands are crossed as if in prayer ; while with

a loving, adoring look he is surveying Jesus. I think his countenance—a boy two years old,—is most beautiful. The Madonna herself, is looking towards the spectator, and it seems as if her eyes, and the parts about them, were actually flesh and blood. Jesus is looking, not at any particular thing, but has a reflective expression. I think it is all perfect: the best parts, (*if* there are any *not* best,) is the Madonna's sweet, young, happy face; her shawl also is exact. Jesus' face and *hair* especially, are exact and lovely, and also his feet; then St. John's face and hands—but I have already described all. I never saw any thing in painting to be compared with it. There are others here of Raphael's; and in fine, it is a grand collection."

In regard to statuary, his description of the Venus de Medici must suffice. "I think all below the head and neck perfect,—but the more perfect the lower down,—nothing can be finer than the lower limbs from the knee down. But all is delicate,—head and neck too much so,—indeed, head and face, are at least, not more than two-thirds large enough. She must have been without much intellect. The statue is fine, very smooth, and white marble, but little discolored. She is tallish, and delicate; rests on the left foot her principal weight, and the right knee is, of course, a little bent. The legs unite about one half the way from the knee upwards, breasts middling large, high, prominent; left hand is crossed low down, and right hand crosses her breast; though both, two or three inches from her body. Her hair is in curls around her head, and little of it. Her back is exceedingly beautiful and perfect; no shoulder-blades; feet and ancles plump, round, small, and perfect; in fine, I loved to gaze on this almost perfect beauty. No thought, but of delicacy, love and purity, can be entertained when gazing on her. The great beauty of



it is delicacy,—not slenderness,—but exact and lovely proportion. No muscle is seen as if acting; all is round and plump; if any fault, it is, that the thighs are too short, and too much about the hips, though I suspect I am mistaken.” In a note, he says: “Long after having seen the above, I can recall its loveliness, and can say that this is probably the most perfect specimen of ideal beauty extant.”

The description of his visits to the Library of MSS., to the Museum of Natural History, (containing the most wonderful representations in wax, of the different parts of the human body,) Hospital, Cathedral, etc., are full and interesting.

From Florence he goes to Rome, which he reaches after a five days’ journey. Stopping a few hours at Siena, he makes a hasty survey of the place, and visits its Hospital, of which he says: “It is very neat; large rooms and fine beds; not too thick. Posts of beds four feet high, of iron, with brass knobs; also shelf, or foot piece, and a notch in the wall, at the head of the bed for shelf; also a large board, a foot and a half square, at the head of each bed, relating to the case, history, treatment, and also meteorological observations. All this I admired, and thought I had never seen any thing of the kind better.”

Immediately after breakfast, on his first morning after arriving at Rome, he went to see the Pantheon, and St. Peter’s. “I must confess,” he says, “neither quite answered my expectations, the Pantheon especially. I can not think it superior to Bourse, or rather to Palace Louvre, at Paris. St. Peter’s is large and elegant, but too *splendid*, too grand and majestic. Had it been plain Doric, and less ornamented, I think it would have looked better.”

Though his time was fully occupied while at Rome, as his many references to, and descriptions of numerous

objects and places of interest attest, I shall only copy the notes of his visit to the Vatican, which will sufficiently illustrate my purpose. "At one o'clock went to the Vatican, where I saw so much, that I was confounded and lost in the immensity of the curiosities there. Here indeed is now ancient Rome, and perhaps I might add, Greece and Egypt. Some think the staircase at the Vatican, or that at the Sistine chapel, the finest in Europe. I do not think it so grand as some in France; those for example, at the Palace Luxembourg, St. Cloud, Louvre, or Tuilleries.

"I visited the rooms containing Raphael's Frescos, but was not greatly struck with their beauty, and had not time to examine them. They are large, and no doubt good. From here I went to a story above, and saw an admirable, full length portrait of George IV, of England, by Sir T. Lawrence. He is in full dress, is tall, and less fleshy than I thought he really was; has blue eyes, and is good looking. The first room contains old paintings, not interesting to me. Second room is best; here is a small painting, quite good, by Paul Potter; the Madonna, etc. by Titian; Communion of San Girolomo, by Dominichino, and Raphael's Transfiguration. These three are all large, say ten or twelve feet high, perhaps more, and six, to eight or ten broad. Titian's is good; D.'s better; and R.'s best. That of D.'s is very fine, especially the apparently dying old saint. But Raphael exceeds all praise for coloring,—*it is on board*, not on canvass. There are twenty-six figures in it, and but two or three groups." He attempts to represent the relative position of the figures and groups, and then proceeds: "It is indeed perfect, if we except the two figures on each side of Christ. Christ is well represented, unless he should have been paler. The lights, the coloring, are superb; as fresh as of to-day. I have seen better

countenances of Christ ; but as a whole, this is superior to any I ever saw. Christ, and Moses and Elias, are in the air ; the back ground of trees, mountains and village, with the setting sun, are fine. If possible, the lower group should have had the appearance of being further removed from the group on the Mount. Here also, is Raphael's Madonna de Foligno, consisting of seven figures, I think, very fine. The Madonna and Child are neither of them as good as his at Florence ; the other figures are good, especially the boy-angel. It has, however, a tinge of the Perugino school ; i. e., precision, stiffness. The Crucifixion of St. Peter is very good. The Communion of San Girolomo, by Dominichino is very excellent and impressive ; especially the old saint. After looking at the paintings, which, though few, are choice, I visited the Museo Chiaramonti, or rooms of Statuary : in comparison with which all others together I ever saw, dwindled to nothing in extent and number." Of the Belvidere Apollo, he says : "It is exquisitely fine, light and beautiful ; if any thing, too tall for its other proportions. It is the finest man I ever saw ; young, say twenty-five. Its airy tread is its great beauty."

Leaving Rome, he proceeds through a country abounding in mighty monuments of the past, as well as in charming scenery, to Naples. Though he describes many objects of interest which he passed on the way, I shall only refer to the Maddalena, a Lunatic Asylum, situated between Capua and Naples, and founded by Marat. He remarks : "It is spacious, and has a large garden and church attached to it. It contains about five hundred patients, who are well attended, and treated with great gentleness and indulgence ; each paying about fifteen dollars a month, which defrays all expenses. I noticed a singular, yet pleasing arrangement—outside, the windows look as though they

were filled with flower pots containing beautiful flowers ; but on examination, I found that the iron grates had thus been made and painted, in order to give a pleasing appearance to the eye. The contrast between this, and the Asylum I had just seen at Genoa, was great and striking. Here, they are all comfortable and cleanly, and well attended ; while there, they were all confined in one room, each chained to his bed ; the ravings of one exciting others, so that when I entered, the shouting, swearing, and attempts to break their chains, for a moment frightened me. I cannot believe another such horrid Bedlam exists on earth.

Reaching Naples at length, he was soon prepared to study the many objects of intense interest which the city itself, and its neighborhood, offer to the notice of the traveler. An unexpected detention, prolonged his stay for several weeks beyond the time which he intended to spend here, enabling him twice to visit, and deliberately survey the long buried city of Pompeii. He visited Vesuvius also twice, and Herculaneum. The relics of the first-named city, as all know, are numerous ; and even then, had been collected and well arranged under the auspices of the government. These, he saw, again and again ;—enumerated the several classes into which they were divided, and described many of them with considerable minuteness. From the notes of his visits to these remarkable places, and his observations, I propose to extract a few sentences. “One of the many attractive things in Naples, is the Public Garden. It is of great extent, bounded on one of its sides by the Bay, and is ornamented with trees of luxuriant growth, shrubs, flowers, fountains, statuary, and surrounded by an iron fence. It equals the Elysian Fields of Virgil, and is surpassed in nothing I have yet seen, excepting the garden of the Tuilleries at Paris.

“On entering Pompeii,” he says, in describing his first visit, “there is nothing to remind one that it has ever been a buried city. I believe a person might walk through it without a thought of any thing but an earthquake which had broken down the houses ; so completely are the rooms cleared from ashes, lava and sand. The houses all join,—are very small, and most of them but one story. There are few rooms exceeding ten or twelve feet square ; floors all mosaic work, of a coarse kind—colored glass or stones, laid in figures resembling carpets. The public edifices, theatres, temples, and forum, appear to have been spacious and elegant.” After a general survey of the place, he withdrew to a rising ground which overlooked the ruins, and, as he says, “was especially struck by the evidence surrounding him, of the trifling impression which this awful calamity has made upon the succeeding generations. On the very track of the lava, sand and ashes, that overwhelmed Pompeii, are now elegant buildings, and careless inhabitants ; living several miles nearer the crater than was Pompeii. Yet it has not ceased to burn, and is as threatening now, as it was a little while before the eruption.”

“The contents of the several apartments in which the relics, brought from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum are deposited, contain the bones of those who lived eighteen hundred years ago ; still with rings of gold on their fingers, and clasps and chains of gold upon their limbs and necks, their hands still clenched upon golden purses of coin. One female skeleton is here, with the lava that surrounded it ; the flesh is gone, but the lava retains the impress of her face, neck and breast. In a building supposed to have belonged to Cicero, was found the skeleton of a lady, wearing very elegant and costly gold ornaments, and three children locked in her arms. The first in order, of the

rooms set apart for relics in the museum, contains glass-ware; a vast number of vessels of various forms, sizes, and colors. The second is for gems. Here are gold rings, necklaces and chains; leaf-gold for gilding, gold-lace without any mixture of silk, purses of gold, metallic mirrors, and a great variety of silver plate. I was astonished to see such fine work; and surprised to find that we had made scarcely no improvement in gold work and gems. Indeed, here is the finest cameo in the world, nearly a foot square. Room for kitchen furniture contains a great variety, especially of cooking stoves; which many think equal or superior to modern. Here are kettles of all sorts and sizes, gridirons, frying pans, skimmers, ladles, etc. Room fourth is for steelyards, scales, etc. The former are like modern ones, only more elegant. Several apartments,—all large,—are filled with incense bottles, bronze and silver couches for the gods; sacrificial knives, idols, protecting deities, and a vast many sepulchral vases. Here is seen, how the ancients were buried,—for beneath the skeleton, stand several of these vases; a piece of money is in the mouth of the skeleton, an incense bottle on the heart, and sometimes, several others around; several lamps, purifying vases, and vases for wine and oil; a dish also for Cerberus' sop. Two other rooms are filled with a miscellaneous collection of things; such as helmets, different kinds of armor, numerous agricultural instruments, etc. I noticed *tooth-picks*, fish-hooks, and numerous articles in surgery—forty in number; such as probes, forceps, obstetrical instruments—some of which have been revived in London and Paris. Pills, even, were found in considerable quantities at the Apothecary shops. Other rooms contain paintings in fresco, and statuary.”

Of his visit to Herculaneum, five miles from Naples, he

says, "Most, or all that we there see, is the theatre; into which we descend by candle light, as into the mines at Simsbury;—once the Newgate of Connecticut. The lava is as hard as granite, and has to be chiseled out,—differing greatly in this respect from Pompeii, which is only slightly covered with sand and ashes. Herculaneum is buried deep—very deep—fifty to a hundred feet, beneath hard lava; so that the objection to disintombing it is two-fold; the great labor required, and the fact that Portici, a fine city, is built directly over it. As this theatre now appears, it is very interesting. The front of the stage is a hundred and thirty feet, and adorned with bronze statues of the muses, and fragments of bronze horses, while marble statues lie around. This theatre appears to have been larger than any one now in the world."

Of the lazaroni, true to his own original habits of viewing everything, he says: "They are not a very vitiated race—are the porters or laborers of Naples—do but little, and expect but little, and appear to be rather a happy people. A few cents will enable them to buy macaroni or fish enough to support them for the day; and as the climate is very warm, they can and do sleep out of doors. They are in fact, an idle, but not a vicious or very suffering class. They look healthy, spend most of their time in idleness, have no cares, and seek for no other stations than their fathers had. They have many times shown much bravery and fine qualities; and if Italy is ever regenerated—and who can doubt she will be?—they will unquestionably exhibit qualities equal to any of the former inhabitants of that country."

Of their appearance on Sunday, he says: "They appear to be not differently dressed from other days, but are to be seen a little more in groups, lying on the ground and

sunning themselves, in their brown caps and cloaks, (though some have none,) yet look ruddy, cheerful, and as happy as any poor people I ever saw—far more so than the poor in England and the United States, as they are, in Naples, free from the look of intemperance that bloats and sours the countenances of our lower orders.” In some observations subsequently made he says: “The lazaroni are not so despicable as I supposed, are not beggars, (as beggars,) though numerous here, are not much more so than in other places in Italy. It is creditable to the lazaroni that they are temperate, and I believe much might be made of them by a good government.”

Leaving Italy, he proceeded to Sicily, but his stay at Messina was short, and nothing occurred which it is necessary to notice. Here he took ship for the United States, stopping only at Gibraltar, where they were detained many days, which gave him an opportunity to visit the principal objects of interest to be found here—the fortress, town, &c.,—which he did not fail to improve.

At length they set sail, and landed at Boston, July 4th, 1829—twelve days less than a year from the time he embarked at the port of New York.

The extracts made are but fair samples of his every-day record, and selected because they relate to topics in themselves, perhaps, more interesting to the readers of this biographical sketch than most others would be. His notes show that he had quite a list of correspondents while abroad, the names of some of whom have since become extensively familiar to the public; and his frequent allusions to letters, either sent or received, indicate that he was himself a prompt and faithful correspondent. It was not unusual with him, when stopping for some time in a place, to purchase a ticket, admitting him to a reading-room or



public library, where he could spend such portions of his time as were not otherwise occupied. He frequently noted in his journal the authors which he read, the periodicals he found, and the facts or thoughts in either that particularly struck him. From them all we quote a single one—remarkable, in view of what has since been made known in relation to the subject referred to in the extract: “Read an account of a letter which Mr. Hickman (I believe of London) has sent Charles X. of a method of performing operations without exciting pain, viz: by administering a *gas* which makes the patient insensible.”

After making hasty visits to some of his relatives, he once more returned to Greenfield, Mass., and again commenced the active duties of his profession, about the middle of August. He was now near thirty-two years of age, and his ambition had in no respect been cooled, nor his confidence in himself abated, by travel and a more extended acquaintance with the world. It was not long, therefore, before he began to cast about for a more conspicuous and lucrative field of labor; and having received a friendly invitation from some of the most intelligent and influential citizens of Hartford, Ct.,—among them several of its leading physicians—to make it his residence, he concluded to do so, and removed to this place some time during the month of April, 1831. Of the number of those who expressed a desire to this end was the late revered Daniel Wadsworth, who, to other inducements, added the offer of an eligible office, rent free. In every respect, his qualifications for taking an elevated position, both professional and social, were far greater at the time of his settlement at Hartford, than when he had offered himself, a youthful candidate for practice, to the citizens of Greenfield. He was now matured in intellect, his character was established,

his attainments, both theoretical and practical, highly respectable in every department of his profession; while his manners, knowledge of men and the forms of cultivated society were superior. He came to Hartford, as I have been informed, rather as a surgeon than physician; there being at that time a more than usually favorable opening for one well informed in this department. He at once took the elevated position for which it was anticipated he was well prepared, and maintained it, in and out of the profession, so long as he remained here. He at no time wanted for business, nor had he ever any anxiety about it, and for many years his income was probably not far from \$2,500 per annum.\*

He always had an office, where he kept his library (chiefly professional) of about two thousand volumes,—many of them in the French language, which he read with correctness and facility,—quite a variety of surgical and medical apparatus, casts, dry and wet specimens in morbid anatomy, drawings, &c., which, coupled with an easy, not over-cleanly look, made it not uninviting, either to the common people or to gentlemen. He generally, if not at all times, had one or more students, who enjoyed the use of his library, saw considerable office and other practice, and had the benefit of the Doctor's kind and sufficiently familiar intercourse. He prepared for professional life some who are now highly respectable and useful practitioners, in whose air and bearing, as well as in their views of things, can be traced the impress of their teacher's influ-

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\* It is due both to the truthfulness of this sketch, and also to the generosity and kindness of heart which it exhibits, to state, that, in consequence of an unexpected loss of some magnitude, and other minor contingences, Dr. Brigham, soon after taking up his residence in Hartford, was obliged to ask the favor of a loan of \$500. It was promptly granted by a recent acquaintance, with no other security than the Doctor's own name, and in due time cheerfully paid; and it has been my pleasure lately to read a letter, written but the winter before his death, expressive both of his vivid recollection of the transaction, and the deep gratitude which he had never ceased to feel for the kindness.

ence. To his other qualifications as a physician, his careful and patient investigation of disease, and acknowledged skill in diagnosis resulting therefrom; sound common sense and superior judgment were added, making him at the same time a successful practitioner and valuable counselor. It was a not uncommon practice with him, on going out of town for the purpose of consultation, to ascertain beforehand something about the character of the case, and carry with him some standard work, which treated of the disease in question. He did not stand in fear of any inference which such a proceeding might have, either upon the mind of the patient, his friends, or the practitioner in attendance.

In society, he mingled in preference with that class characterized by refinement of manner, cultivation of taste and intellect, and who at the same enjoyed in due degree the social glass, a quiet game of whist, a good dinner, and granted large freedom of opinion, both religious and political; rather than the more stern, rigid, and puritanical, who in that day required, as a condition of good fellowship, not only intelligence and a becoming deportment, but decided temperance in eating and drinking (particularly the latter), an orthodox faith and practice, and sound Whig sentiments. I mean not to be understood as intimating that he was not on friendly terms with, or did not entertain the highest respect for, many of those from whom his opinions, and to some extent his practice, differed, and for whose society he had no special relish; nor that he was not, in return, appreciated and largely patronized by them; for it was notoriously true that he was, perhaps, more largely consulted by clergymen than any other practitioner then resident in Hartford.

In politics he was a Democrat, and so devoted to party,

that he made its distinctive issues a prominent topic of conversation on the eve of exciting elections, attended party meetings, at which he sometimes spoke, and interested himself to such an extent in the result as to speak of it afterwards, when his excitement had abated, as a matter of surprise even to himself. When he first became a resident of Hartford, infant schools were in operation, and in high public favor; also a method of arousing the public mind, and creating a strong religious interest, by means of what were known as "protracted meetings," when a whole community, or an entire denomination in a city, would devote ten days, and sometimes even a fortnight, to religious purposes, in the progress of which a high state of nervous excitement would, almost of necessity, take place, on the part of the more devoted among the worshipers, and conversions also, in numerous instances, were claimed to follow.

Though he was a regular attendant at the First Congregational Church, and, as has elsewhere been said, sincerely respected religion, and all needful religious ordinances, without being a professor, or particularly interested in the subject itself, he set his face boldly and earnestly against both of these popular customs of the times; giving his views to the public, in regard to the former, in an unpretending little volume, entitled "Influence of Mental Cultivation on Health," published in 1832; and also one in regard to the latter, entitled "Influence of Religion on the Health and Physical Welfare of Mankind," published in 1836. To the latter work I shall hereafter briefly refer, and shall only stop to say of the former that it reached a third edition, which was published by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, in 1845—an edition having been previously issued at Glasgow, by Dr. Robert Macnish, and another at Edin-

burgh, by James Simpson, Esq. Advocate, each preceded by a preface, highly commendatory of the character and object of the work.

About this time the cholera first made its appearance on this Continent, attended in many places with a frightful mortality, and spreading terror through the country. It seemed at the time like a direct visitation of God, sent to afflict the nations; so steadily and rapidly did it advance, in spite of every opposing barrier—so mysteriously, and with such fatal power, did it fall upon its victims—so little was it amenable to treatment, and so little as to its pathology was revealed by dissection. No medical man, whether young or old, could fail to look with searching scrutiny upon a phenomenon so obscure; yet so appalling, scan with the utmost care the features of the disease, study its history, and inform himself, so far as possible, as to the most successful way of managing it. Dr. Brigham did more than this. He not only studied the disease with care, but published, during the same year, a work which he styled, “A Treatise on Epidemic Cholera.” It is an octavo volume, of three hundred and sixty-eight pages, is accompanied by a map, showing the route westward of the cholera, from the place of its supposed origin. It contains of course, little strictly original matter, but consists chiefly of selections from reports, treatises, lectures, and essays, and was intended, as its author states, “to furnish a correct history of the disease, together with all the most important practical information that has been published respecting its nature, causes, and method of treatment.” The work, probably, had a limited sale, and added little either to the purse or reputation of its author, though much discriminating labor and research were expended upon it.

Regarding himself, about this time, as permanently set-

tled in Hartford, he married, January 23rd, 1833, Miss Susan C. Root, of Greenfield; an accomplished lady, to whom he had undoubtedly become attached while in practice there. She, with their four daughters, still survives, to mourn the irreparable loss of an affectionate husband and father.

The next, which was the last systematic work published by Dr. Brigham, was entitled, "An Inquiry concerning the Diseases and Functions of the Brain, the Spinal Cord, and the Nerves;" a duodecimo volume of upwards of three hundred pages, appearing in the winter of the year 1840. It was prepared while the author was engaged in practice as a physician and surgeon, and doubtless, with no more than a general reference to the speciality to which he subsequently and so soon devoted himself. Though small and unpretending, it is a valuable work, which might well find a place in the library of every practitioner, as a book to be carefully read, and not unfrequently consulted with advantage. It found a ready sale, and it is believed was favorably received by the profession. These several volumes constitute the greater part of his literary labors while a resident of Hartford, though he occasionally prepared an article for some medical journal, and sometimes for the newspapers; and, becoming interested, if not a believer, in the doctrines of phrenology as set forth and advocated by Gall and Spurzheim, is said to have lectured acceptably on the subject.

He also, in 1837, having probably become tired of the harrassing labors devolving upon him in the discharge of his duties, accepted the Professorship of Anatomy and Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. He spent a year and a half there, but finally returned again to Hartford; preferring the comparatively

active life to which he had so long been accustomed, with all its attendant inconveniences, to a permanent residence in New York.

The little volume which he published in 1836, on the "Influence of Religion on the Health," &c., was attacked with spirit, in one quarter at least, and led to a controversy in print, as caustic and bitter as disputes of this nature usually are. It also created, in connection with his strong party views, prejudices in the minds of many worthy and influential citizens. Their opposition, however, was probably made up by the favor of those whose good-will and patronage were thereby secured. But when he became a candidate for the office of Physician and Superintendent of the Retreat for the Insane, at Hartford, Conn., which he did in, 1840, he found in its Board of Directors, a number of those who had conscientiously opposed him previously, and who felt unwilling to intrust the interests of that institution to his hands. Their opposition was, at length, as is well known, overruled, and the appointment conferred, as was afterwards demonstrated, upon one well qualified for the position.

That perfect system which, as we have already seen, had become an element of his character, was at once brought successfully to bear upon every department of the institution, so soon as he became its principal officer, and each subordinate had marked out for him, and was made duly responsible for the discharge of his duties.

A long and extensive acquaintance with general society enabled him both in sentiment and manner, to adapt himself to all classes of the inmates, so that without wounding the pride or sensibilities of any, he equally secured the confidence and respect of all. He was not only a man of order, but was also a superior disciplinarian; and while

every person, whatever his position, was treated with justice, and, the patients especially, with the utmost kindness, none were indulged with undue license, and all felt the restraining and controlling influence of the governing head.

His previous studies and practice had been such as to make him unusually familiar with the treatment of nervous diseases, and his success while at Hartford indicated the soundness of his pathological opinions, and the correctness of his treatment.

His discussion of topics relating to the medical jurisprudence of insanity, as he met with illustrative cases,—his investigations relating to the pulse of the insane, the size and shape of the head, the condition of the senses, the temperature of the body, and the state of the secretions, together with his remarks on the medical treatment of the insane, which are embodied in his annual reports, published while connected with the Retreat, exhibited a capacity for intelligent inquiry, a willingness to *search* for facts, and a fondness for them, most creditable to himself, and which added very much to the value of the reports themselves.

The office which, as we have seen, he accepted in the spring of 1840, it was expected by all, would terminate, probably, only with the life of the incumbent. However, in the fall of 1842, to the surprise and regret, I believe, of every officer and friend of the Retreat, as well as to a large circle of friends in Hartford, it was announced that Dr. Brigham had accepted a similar appointment, tendered him by the Managers of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, located at Utica, and would shortly remove there.

Notwithstanding the faithful performance of his duties, and a wise regulation of the institution, both required that his time should be devoted exclusively to the Retreat, his former patrons continued to feel that he was still



within reach, and in an emergency could be consulted, and hence felt less keenly than they otherwise would, the trial of separation. When, however, it was ascertained that he was to leave us altogether, and his lot from henceforth to be cast in a neighboring State indeed, but at a distance too great for ready access, there were many and sincere regrets expressed by those who had experienced, in seasons of sickness and suffering, his tender sympathy and superior skill.

I have recently conversed with some, who were patrons of the Doctor while here, who entertain still the kindest recollections of him; and from one who knew him well, who availed herself of his professional services with little interruption, almost from the period at which he commenced practice here, until the date of his decease, calling in another only when she could not procure *his* aid,—from one too, who knew well how to appreciate and describe his merits,—I have received the following note, in reply to a request on my own part, for such recollections of our subject as occurred to her.

HARTFORD, Ct., *March 6, 1856.*

DEAR SIR:

My acquaintance with Dr. Brigham commenced not long after his removal to Hartford, Conn., and during an early period of his medical practice. He had recently returned from traveling in Europe, with vivid impressions of its scenery, and a mind evidently of clear perceptive powers, quickened with suggestive thought. His conversation was remarkable for its directness, and his manners for a pleasing mixture of simplicity with courtesy.

My intercourse with him through his profession, began with the illness of my little daughter, then in her third year; who until that time, though of delicate structure, had enjoyed uninterrupted health. Suddenly, her rosy cheeks became pallid, and her bright

countenance mournful. Her appetite failed, so that nothing could propitiate it, and though able to move languidly about in the house, or about the grounds, when called to her repasts, would implore in the most pitiful tones, "*Oh please, don't say, Mary, eat.*" Her sleep, which from early infancy had been quiet and long, became a season of tossing and restlessness. For this sad change there seemed no proximate cause,—as dentition had been happily achieved,—and she exhibited no febrile symptoms, and had been exposed to no epidemic. Her case excited much sympathy,—and among the consulting physicians, came Dr. Brigham. He was particularly earnest to make a true diagnosis, and as one feature of the disease, was a painful timidity, prepared to visit her during her brief daily sleep, between eleven and twelve. Thus, day after day, at high noon, during an unusually warm summer, he walked from the city to our residence on Lord's Hill, and seated with the tenderness of a father by the little sufferer, examined the comparative pulsation of the arteries in the neck, wrist and heart, until he arrived at the conclusion, by the irregular action of the latter, that there was a collection of water in the sac that enveloped it. His remedies founded on these premises, were, with the blessing of heaven, so effectual, that health, and the elastic spirit of childhood, were soon restored. Gratitude for such earnest and affectionate service could not be forgotten, and he was retained as our family physician, during the whole of his residence among us. After he accepted the office of principal of the Retreat for the Insane, though added distance rendered practice in the city, inconvenient, he never neglected to be promptly with us, at every summons, nor sacrificed to a new, and laborious station, his early friendships.

Dr. Brigham's position, during this period of his life, was eminently favorable both to the establishment of his professional reputation, and the development of his intellectual and literary tastes. The high appreciation of those with whom he associated, gave energy to his movements, and freedom to the expression of his opinions. His theories were often in advance of the age, and

though they might be sometimes keenly scrutinized, were always regarded with respect.

He was one of the first to lift a warning voice against the system of undue pressure upon the newly unfolding mind, and to denounce as disease, that precocity which parental pride so often fatally fosters. Some of his sentiments then deemed unique, perhaps latitudinarian, are now inwrought with the frame-work of our national education.

But it is of his excellence in the department that he best loved, that I prefer to speak; and its varied forms, during the thirteen years that our household enjoyed his medical supervision, it would be difficult fully to describe. His perseverance in detecting the pathology of hidden disease has been already mentioned. His ingenuity in combatting its protean forms was also great. The frankness and friendliness of his nature, conciliated the confidence of his patients, and his tact with children, was especially remarkable. He readily convinced them of his truthfulness, and desire for their welfare, and by the magic of kindness led them on to the comfort of an implicit trust.

One of the prominent features of his practice, was to give as little medicine as possible. Sometimes, after listening with unbroken attention to a formidable detail of ailments, he would propose simply some alteration in diet or regimen; and if the desired result could be thus produced, exulted in the wise economy of having reserved a powerful weapon for a more severe emergency.

His manner of congratulating his patients on their convalescence was *unique*. Adopting the principle that their voluntary coöperation, and hopeful serenity of spirit were essential parts of the healing process, he cordially thanked them for the aid thus rendered to medical science and to him. With a smile of surpassing brightness, he would say, in the pleasantest tone, "Why,—what a good and beautiful creature you are, to get better so soon."

After recovery, his rules to obviate the recurrence of sickness, —founded on close study of the idiom of constitution, as well as on the liabilities of habit and circumstance,—were invaluable.

The elements of his remarkable character seemed at the time of which we speak, in full maturity, and the inner and outer life, in amiable harmony. He was not then, as when he afterwards assumed the charge of the great Lunatic Asylum of the State of New York, pressed down beyond measure with cares and efforts, transcending the capacities of a finite being. He was enabled to secure some intervals for the culture of social feeling, and the pursuits of literature, though they were ever held in subservience to higher responsibilities.

Deep philanthropy, and a warm good will to all creatures, both quickened and repaid the unresting toil of his intellectual and moral faculties. That faith which led him to the foot of the cross, was of later growth. We thank God, that this crowning grace was made so visibly manifest, and that by its holy light he passed through the dark valley in perfect peace. Ever will his memory be cherished by those who knew his virtues, and deplore his loss.

Aye,—show him honor, such as men accord  
The good and great.

He had not conquer'd realms,  
Led on victorious armies, storm'd the walls  
Of leagur'd cities, or with banners proud  
And plumed laurels, saturate with gore  
Compel'd a hero's fame.

But he had cop'd  
With that most subtle and mysterious foe  
That striketh reason throneless ; and the world  
Beheld him in serene beneficence  
Seeking for those who in life's battle pierc'd,  
Faint by the wayside, and are counted lost.  
So, there death found him, toiling to cement  
The outcast fragments of the broken mind  
Into a perfect whole : and deeds like these  
Should have their own enduring monument,  
Where'er such woe is known.

Yet other wealth  
Was still his own,—deep memories of the heart,—  
They blossom round his tomb.

When the sweet fount  
 Of home was troubled, by disease and pain,  
 Thither he came,—a blessed visitant,—  
 Like the good angel at Bethesda's pool,—  
 His beaming smile, and hope-inspiring voice  
 Infus'd new courage, for he knew to blend  
 The sympathies of healer and of friend;  
 Winning the trust of those he strove to aid,  
 Poising the weapons that his science gave  
 With Fabian skill,—as one who knew their power,  
 And would persuade weak nature to avoid,—  
 Not tempt their discipline.

And as for us  
 Who saw him patient by our children's couch,  
 Watching the pestilence that watch'd for them,  
 Who found him ever faithful at our side  
 Year after year, parrying each shaft that mock'd  
 Life's fragile web,—and at reviving health  
 Joying with even a brother's tenderness,—  
 We may not speak his name without a tear:  
 And better shall such loving tribute please  
 His sainted soul, if still toward earth it bend,  
 Than the loud peans of a prouder praise.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

His office and duties as Superintendent and Physician at the Retreat at Hartford, terminated about the first of October, 1842, and from that time forth he became identified with the institution at Utica, to which he gave every thought, and all his energy of soul; his hearty devotion to which, only terminating with his life, which appropriately closed within its walls, amidst the scenes of his untiring labors and proud success. For this position may be justly claimed for him, the possession, in a superior degree, of every quality requisite in a physician-in-chief. The native vigor and practical character of his mind; a training in that sober school in which every pupil is made to feel daily that there is no hope or chance for honors or rewards

aside from well-directed personal efforts; that reflective self-reliance, equally removed from rashness and timidity, which we see early characterized his movements; his varied attainments, his extensive, thorough knowledge of men, his great and systematic industry, and his practical experience in the wants and treatment of the insane,—all served, we repeat, to make him one of the foremost in the wide field of labor to which, with redoubled earnestness, he had once more and anew dedicated himself. The walls only of the noble structure which now does honor even to the great State of New York, and which was destined to give an enduring reputation to our subject, were at that time erected; the internal arrangements and furnishing awaiting, for the most part, the direction of the Superintendent. To this work, Dr. Brigham brought what was required, not only sound, practical common sense, but a previous and well-improved experience, to which was united a correct estimate of the value of money, and the best method of making the most of it; or, in other words, an enlightened, intelligent economy.

Elevated, then, to this new and truly exalted position, the problem just suggested was given him to solve. How correctly it was wrought out must be left to the decision of those who have entered upon his labors, and have had in experience the benefit of his judgment. For myself, I do not doubt that his comprehensive mind grasped readily the entire details of his plans, while yet they existed only in his own brain, and that he clearly saw at the outset, the work as it stood when completed, and justly estimated its practical operation. I infer this, both from my knowledge of the man, and from the qualifications with which his previous observations and experience had endowed him. Though many improvements in ventilating, warming, and

lighting public buildings, have been brought into successful operation since that period, which, had they then been known, would doubtless have been adopted—improvements which unquestionably might have produced greater results—still we are well assured that his ideas, as embodied in his labors, were quite equal to, if not in advance of, the knowledge of that day.

As the governing head of such an institution, he was fitted, as we have heretofore seen, by the possession of those qualities, both of mind and heart, which enabled him to secure the confidence, win the respect, and insure the control, so far as might be requisite, of all those, whatever their position, who constituted his household. His patients respected him as a man, confided in him as a physician, and in many instances entertained for him sentiments of sincere and lasting friendship. Toward attendants and subordinates he was kind and just, but decided. That rigid, yet most excellent code of by-laws which he drew up soon after the opening of the institution at Utica, were laws for all, for himself as well as others; and no one of them could be broken or infringed with impunity. At Hartford, this was equally true, and secured for him the invaluable services of a competent and faithful corps of assistants. Of the operation of this code it will be sufficient that I quote the following opinion, expressed, some two or three years subsequent to a visit to this Asylum, by the late James Cowles Pritchard, himself at the time in charge of one of the largest of the English institutions for the insane, and also the author of one of the ablest treatises on insanity and diseases of the mind, extant in our language; in a word, one of the most competent of judges. Said he, to a gentleman making the tour of Europe, principally for the purpose of examining the condi-

tion and mode of conducting similar institutions,—“*I can show you nothing here that will compare with your own well-ordered Asylum at Utica.*” No medical superintendent ever exhibited greater fertility of invention in providing occupations and amusements suited to the wants of the inmates of institutions of this class, or was more keenly alive to their importance.

In regard to the causes, nature, and treatment of insanity, his opinions were expressed in several of his annual reports, and in the JOURNAL OF INSANITY. In his first report at Utica, in 1844, he says: “The causes of many diseases are obscure; those of insanity are often peculiarly so. Hence we find few authorities attempt to give anything more than the *supposed* or *probable* causes.

“We have endeavored to be as accurate as possible in investigating the cause of insanity in each individual admitted. We have interrogated relatives, neighbors, and physicians, so far as we have had opportunity, who were knowing to the cases sent to us, and have neglected no means in our power for ascertaining the exact causes of the attack.”

After speaking of the various and usually assigned causes at some length, he concludes: “But, in our opinion, the most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and one the most important to guard against, is the *want of sleep*.

“So rarely do we see a recent case of insanity that is not preceded by want of sleep, that we regard it as almost the sure precursor of mental derangement.

“Notwithstanding strong hereditary predisposition, ill health, loss of kindred or property, insanity rarely results unless the exciting causes are such as to occasion loss of sleep. A mother loses her only child, the merchant his fortune—the politician, the scholar, the enthusiast, may



have their minds powerfully excited and disturbed, yet if they sleep well they will not become insane.

“ We find no advice so useful to those who are predisposed to insanity, or to those who have recovered from an attack, as to carefully avoid every thing likely to cause loss of sleep, to pass their evenings tranquilly at home, and to retire early to rest.”

Of the nature of the disease he says : “ We consider it a disease of the body, a disease of the brain, the material organ of the mind. In the early stage of the disease, there is usually only disordered *action* of the brain, and this can generally be cured, and the organ suffer no injury ; but if this disordered action is long continued, it usually causes *disorganization* of the brain, and renders it forever incapable of properly manifesting its functions ; just as a disease of the eye, that might have been easily cured, if judiciously treated at the commencement, terminates in permanent blindness when neglected, though without impairing the health in other respects.

“ We see nothing to change in the following views heretofore advanced by us respecting the pathology of insanity.

“ 1st. In mental alienation the brain invariably presents appearances of disease which can be distinctly recognized. Exceptions to this, if ever observed, are extremely rare.

“ 2nd. These appearances vary according to the acute or chronic form of the malady, and according to the character of the affection, whether simple, confined to intellectual disorder merely, or complicated with disorder of sensation and motion.

“ 3rd. In simple intellectual derangement, of an acute or recent character, the gray outer substance of the convolution of the brain is altered in color and consistence ; it is red, marbled, and indurated. Sometimes these appear-

ances are confined to the anterior and superior portions of the brain. In chronic cases, all these are more marked. The external layer in such may be separated like a membrane from the lower stratum. In the very chronic cases, especially in dementia, there is often wasting or diminution of the gray substance of the convolutions of the brain.

“4th. In intellectual derangement, complicated with derangement of motion, with paralysis, more or less general, in addition to the alterations of the gray substance already noticed, there are marks of disease in the medullary portion of the brain. These are, either hardening, serous infiltration, or softening, and generally morbid adhesions of the fibres of the medullary portion of the brain.”

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“The longer insanity has existed, the less chance is there for recovery. It is rarely cured after it has uninterruptedly continued two years, though there is always hope if the patient is vigorous and the form of insanity varies. General excitement of the mind and feelings is more readily cured than monomania or derangement on only one or two subjects; and the more acute the disease, the more rapid, usually, is the recovery.

“Hereditary insanity, and that produced by injury of the head, or arising from peculiar structure of the brain, is curable; but in such cases relapse is the more to be expected. This is true of those who have suffered from a previous attack. Insanity arising from a violent exciting cause is more likely to recover than when it is produced by a trivial cause. The middle-aged, it is thought, more frequently recover than the very young or the aged. The speedy action of moral causes in producing derangement is a favorable circumstance; if it has been slow, recovery is doubtful. If insanity is connected with pregnancy, or

with uterine difficulty, the prognosis is favorable. If the appetite remains good, and emaciation increases, there is reason to fear the case is hopeless.

“Remissions are favorable, especially if the attacks lessen in violence and duration. No alteration of pulse is an unfavorable indication.”

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“Those forms of insanity in which the patient has a proper notion of his state, present many difficulties if a recovery does not speedily take place. When digestion, sleep, and appetite are natural, and the patient increases in flesh, without any diminution of the insanity, there is little hope. When the sensibility of the patient is so far weakened that he can gaze on the sun, has lost the sense of smell and taste, and is insensible to the inclemency of the weather, he is incurable. Insanity is incurable when it is the result of epilepsy, and when complicated with this disease or with paralysis, leads inevitably to death.”

In his second report he writes: “Remarks in an annual report on the nature and probable causes of insanity—on the medical jurisprudence of the disease, and its medical treatment, prevention, &c., are, no doubt, often useful and interesting to many, though such subjects cannot be dwelt upon in such a document to an extent that their merits deserve. We, therefore, entirely omit them, and the more readily from the fact, that we have recently commenced issuing from this Asylum a Quarterly Journal of Insanity, in which we propose to embody, from time to time, our views in relation to these important and deeply interesting subjects.”

Notwithstanding this announcement, we find in every subsequent report, many practical observations and suggestions upon all these subjects. His sixth and last report,

is indeed, in itself a valuable essay on insanity, twenty-four pages being devoted to the discussion of hereditary predisposition to insanity, its increase, causes, prevention, prognosis, medical and moral treatment, and remarks on the suicidal form of the disease.

As to the moral and purely medical treatment of insanity, Dr. Brigham's views differed in nothing essential, from those usually prevailing among physicians engaged in the care and management of the insane. While he occasionally tried remedies comparatively new, his usual practise was, to employ a few agents of well known and established character discriminatingly, and in moderation as to quantity; governed, however, in this respect, by the exigencies of each case as it came under his notice. Though he had abundant confidence in the efficacy of medicine appropriately employed, he had also great confidence in the recuperative power of nature, wisely assisted by medicine as occasion required.

Not satisfied with superintending to its completion, in all its details, the great institution of which he had charge, and subsequently conducting its numerous and weighty affairs, he voluntarily undertook the publication and editorship of the JOURNAL OF INSANITY, a quarterly of some one hundred pages, the object of which was, as its name imports, to present a medium for whatever of value relating to this specialty, he, in connection with his colaborers in this field, could furnish. The intention was laudable, doubtless, yet, under the circumstances of his precarious health, hardly to be considered as wise or judicious, as it would require an outlay of time and strength, already engrossed in the discharge of his immediate duties to the institution.

However, it was begun in 1844—the first number being issued in July of that year, from which time onward, until

the completion of the fifth volume, he continued in charge of it. Indeed, the first number of the following year contains one or more articles prepared by him, as also the miscellaneous matter; while the succeeding one, that for October, contains his obituary.

Whatever may be said of the wisdom of his undertaking a work of this character, all things considered; it is not to be doubted that the design was a good one, and has resulted in bringing the subject of insanity, in all its aspects, more fully before the public than would in any other way have been possible; making known, extensively, many valuable facts, and forming a medium for the full discussion of many important subjects. It was most natural that a mind so practical as his, so fully stored with information on his favorite branch, and feeling, also, so keenly the importance of spreading abroad every where this knowledge, should have suggested the method which was adopted for accomplishing this object, and, therefore, that he became the *founder* of this department of periodical literature in this country. That it accomplished much good, and answered the expectations of Dr. B., is evident, whether we regard its intrinsic merits, the extent of its circulation, or the fact that it continues still to disseminate, without essential change in design or purpose, the important truths it was established to promulgate.

When, now, we contemplate our subject as the head of an institution having more than five hundred persons constantly to direct and control, a large proportion of them bereft of reason, and requiring the most watchful professional care; looking not only after the great interests of his household, as it was his duty to do, but also to many minor matters, which it was his infirmity that he could not delegate to others; conducting a large correspondence, not

only with the friends of patients, but also with the State government, and having, moreover, the responsibility of editing and publishing the JOURNAL OF INSANITY continually resting upon his mind, we see a man struggling beneath a burden, in part self-imposed, it is true, but quite too great for the strongest long to sustain.

It was, therefore, without surprise that we find in a journal which he kept, (not a very good plan by the way,) relating to his health, the following, dated April 28th, 1845: "I have for nearly three years been unwell with pain and swelling of my left knee, but of late I have been chiefly troubled with pain of the right side, just below and under the ribs. A swelling is there, round like a goose egg, movable, without pain, and can be pressed under the ribs and not felt."

This tumor, which created much apprehension in his own mind, was regarded by Drs. Rogers and Delafield, of New York, whom he consulted during the November following, as caused by impacted feces, accompanied by thickening of the walls of the intestines. All this time, however, his bodily health was feeble, appetite variable, and generally small. It was about the middle of the summer of 1846 when he first began to suffer from "dizzy turns," and would awake in the morning too giddy to rise. This vertigo generally yielded somewhat to a laxative, sometimes to stimulants, and would occasionally go off of itself. This symptom continued urgent during the winter of 1846-7—so much so that at times, he says, "it seemed as if I should have a fit." With health variable, indeed, but constantly feeble, he continued in the discharge of his duties until the last of July, 1847, when he was attacked with dysentery; which, though early relieved, left the bowels weak and irritable.

During this, and the previous year, his labors had been

augmented, in consequence of his having been required to attend courts, at Binghamton, Auburn, N. Y. City, Northampton, and elsewhere, in cases where the plea of insanity was set up, and his opinion as an expert demanded. It is not probable, however, that his health suffered from this—the change, and relief from other duties for the time being, acting as a soothing and grateful stimulus to his exhausted nervous system. His digestive organs continuing to grow weaker, his bowels on several occasions to give evidence of excessive irritability, and his general health still further to fail, it was deemed indispensable, both by himself and others, that he should withdraw for a season from the care of the institution, and seek, by the relief which it was hoped that this, in connection with change of climate, &c. would afford, a return of that strength and health for which he had so long been striving in vain. He accordingly, left Utica on the 17th of February, 1848, in company with two esteemed friends, Managers of the Asylum, and made the circuit of the southern portion of the United States—proceeding south on the Atlantic coast, and returning, during the latter part of the succeeding April, by the Mississippi and Ohio rivers.

On this journey, of which he left copious notes, he made it a part of his duty, as would naturally be expected, to visit most, if not all the institutions for the insane along the route; publishing, in the JOURNAL OF INSANITY of the succeeding July, such remarks in relation to them, and other objects of interest which he met with, as seemed appropriate.

The principal purpose he had in view in leaving the institution for so long a time—the improvement of his health—seems to have been to a considerable extent realized; for he says, in his journal of July following,—“My

health has been better since my journey, but still I have the swelling of my side, though it does not trouble me much—appetite and sleep pretty good. I feel more as if I might live some years, though heretofore I have not thought so.”

Soon after this record, he was called to submit to one of the severest trials which humanity is ever compelled to encounter—the illness and death of an only son, an interesting and promising boy of some twelve years of age. The notes, which from time to time were made subsequent to this event, not only express, so far as language can, the intensity of his sorrow, but also indicate that its effects, both upon his health and spirits, had more than counterbalanced the benefit which he had derived from his winter's relief from active labor. Easily fatigued by trifling exertions, of whatever nature, with little appetite, disturbed and often unrefreshing sleep, a feeble digestion, attended by symptoms which more than once led him to anticipate an attack of dysentery, he struggled on, attempting to discharge the varied duties which it had so long been his pleasure and ambition to perform, until the month of August following, when dysentery, of which he had so often had premonitions, actually made its appearance. Though well marked, it was not uncommonly severe, nor did it prove, in regard to its more positive and dangerous features, at all rebellious to treatment. Prostration, which his vital powers could not overcome, nor the remedies which were employed successfully resist, soon succeeded, and, as his biographer and medical adviser at that time tells us, he expired, without a struggle or a groan, on the morning of the 8th of September, 1849.

In person, Dr. Brigham was tall, though somewhat less than six feet in height, and very slender; his weight, in



health, probably not exceeding one hundred and forty pounds. His features were well proportioned, though rather small than otherwise; eyes of a soft, dark blue, expressing more than is usual the varying emotions of the mind. His hair was thin, of a brown color, and slightly if at all gray, at the time of his death. His gait was naturally slow, and by no means graceful; while his voice was soft, low, and quite melodious. As a whole, however, his appearance and manner indicated to the observer a superior and cultivated intellect, a firm will, perfect self-possession, a social disposition, a kind and generous heart.

A few remarks relating to his religious character will conclude this sketch; and I approach it with the greater pleasure, as abundant proof is found, in the recorded meditations of Dr. B. both of his religious views and the operations of his mind on this great theme, particularly during the last years of his life.

There can be no doubt, judging from his writings, that, during the earlier part of it, without being an unbeliever, or even regarding the truths of Christianity with indifference, he was not a pious man. Having a mind at once bold and independent, as well as active and inquisitive, he separated, with a searching, perhaps too searching discrimination, the essentials from the non-essentials, both of a religious creed and a religious life; and while he held the former in sincere respect, treated the latter with an apparent, probably real levity, that touched and wounded the sensibilities of many good people. Such a mental constitution, however; as he possessed, and such views, will account for every thing he has written, which at one time occasioned much dissatisfaction, as we have already noticed, and subsequent active opposition to him as the proposed head of a public institution for the insane; and it was his

well-known kindness of heart and real benevolence of character, in connection with his many other qualifications for the position, that secured his election, in spite of the remonstrances and votes of some well-meaning but mistaken men.

During the last years of his residence in Hartford, however, it was the opinion of that distinguished philanthropist and good man, the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, who was at the time chaplain at the Retreat, and in the habit of daily and familiar intercourse with Dr. Brigham, that his mind was much and seriously exercised on the subject of religion,—that he habitually read and meditated upon the word of God, and daily engaged in the exercise of private and family devotion,—that, in short, he gave satisfactory evidence of being a Christian; and, after his removal to Utica, the correspondence which was maintained, but served to confirm the previously formed opinion of his revered friend. A better, and, indeed, convincing evidence of his deep and humble piety, is to be found in quite a large manuscript volume, entitled “Religious Thoughts.”

One entry, dated Dec. 10th, 1844, is as follows: “Oh, God! my Creator, and merciful protector—great and holy author of all things—look in pity on me a sinner, and Oh, teach me to pray to Thee aright! Pardon, O Lord, my sins, my numerous sins; for my whole life has been sinful, and enable me to exercise feelings of sincere repentance, and hereafter to live a holy life, devoted to Thee and to duty; subdue in me every wrong and sinful wish and emotion—and enable me, at all times, to feel and act rightly, that I may live in all good conscience, and according to Thy commands. Teach me to view aright, Thy merciful plan of salvation through Christ—enable me to rely on Him, and his word, and life, and sufferings, and atonement

for mercy. Guide me, Oh God, by thy Holy Spirit, support me under all trials and temptations, and enable me to live and die with faith in Thee and Thy Son—that faith which shall be acceptable to Thee. Keep me from all sin this day—subdue all bad thoughts, and in their stead, may I constantly have good ones, and constantly desire to do Thy will.

“Thou, Oh God! knowest what I most need. I rely on Thee, to enable me to do right and to think right. I feel that left to myself, I shall go astray from Thee. Oh, keep me in the right way—and enable me every moment, to have my thoughts and whole soul devoted to Thee, and to those duties that Thou wilt approve. Amen.”

The writings of Baxter, Doddridge, Hannah More, and others, are often referred to as affording most instructive reading, and much food for profitable reflection, as well as presenting great truths in a strikingly forcible manner. But the Bible, particularly the writings of the evangelists and apostles, manifestly furnished him the most satisfactory and pleasing topics of thought, and pages of his journal are often given to comments upon passages that especially interested him.

April 1st, 1849, Sunday, appears the following text and comments: “That I may know him, (Christ,) and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.” (Philippians iii: 10, 11.)

“Paul was most earnestly desirous that he might win Christ, and share in his resurrection; i. e., himself be raised from the dead. For this, he was willing to suffer all things in this life. And who would not? If we had Paul’s faith, we should all count everything as valueless

in comparison to being raised from the dead—to eternal happiness with Christ. Oh, what a glorious thought—*that we shall rise from the dead!*”

In a list of what he denominated “Important Texts,” are the following: “Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him that is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.” “Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father, which is in Heaven.” “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” “Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment.”

Breathing forth such sentiments, and with a mind full of thoughts like these, he was preparing himself daily, for that rest with the people of God, for which he had long and fervently prayed; and at the age of about fifty-one years—an age at which the vigor of the intellect, soundness of the judgment, and the experience of manhood are but matured and perfected, when the strength has not been overtaken and exhausted, exchanged the cares, labors and responsibilities of life, for the quiet and repose of the grave.

His life, as we have seen, had been from its very outset one requiring the active, energetic exercise of every power and faculty, both of mind and body—at first from the necessities of his condition, subsequently continued, doubtless, partly from the force of habit, but in part, also, from the aspirations of a laudable ambition. It is also unquestionably true, that at the time of his death, he had accomplished, and nobly too, the labors of a long, elevated and eventful career. Nor is it too much to believe, that his name will go down to posterity among that bright galaxy of distinguished men, who, self-made, have attained to eminence through the steady, well-directed efforts of sound,

well-balanced and well-informed minds, aided by a strength of will and firmness of purpose which no obstacles could successfully oppose, nor discouragements long depress; a model worthy the imitation of all who would excel in manly gifts, or in the honorable performance of duty among men.

# A SERMON

ON THE DEATH OF

✓  
**AMARIAH BRIGHAM, M. D.**

*Superintendent of the New York State Lunatic Asylum,*

**WHO DIED SEPT 8, 1849,**

**Delivered at the Asylum Oct. 8, 1849, and again in the First  
Presbyterian Church, Utica, Nov. 11, 1849.**

**BY THE REV. CHAUNCEY E. GOODRICH,**

**CHAPLAIN OF THE ASYLUM.**

**WITH**

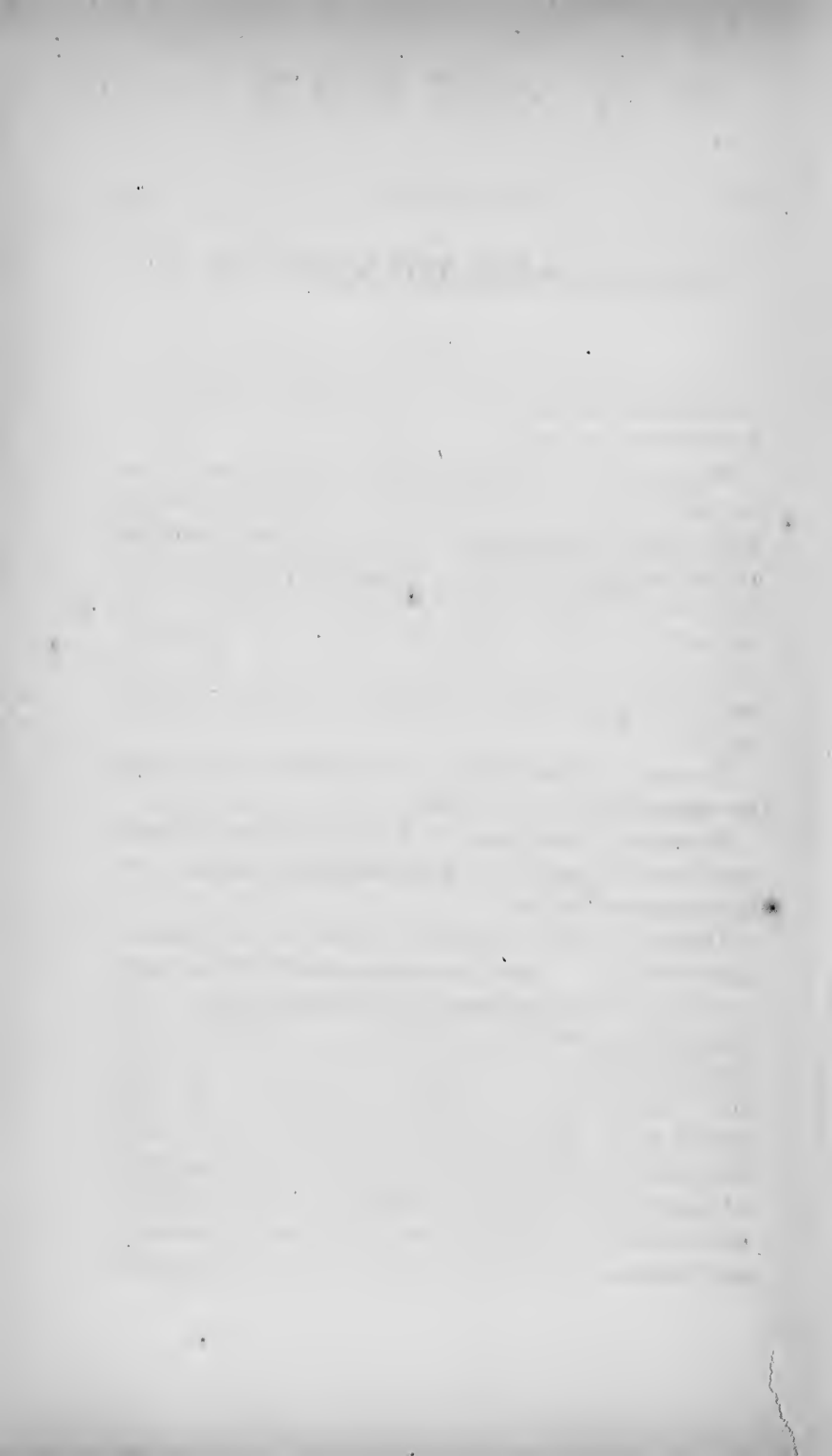
**AN APPENDIX.**

**SECOND EDITION.**

**UTICA, N. Y.**

**CURTISS & WHITE PRINTERS, 171 GENESEE STREET.**

**1858.**



## S E R M O N .

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PSALMS xxxvii : 37—Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.

When the wise and the good die, the survivors feel the loss, and do well to note the character and attainments of the departed, for the admiration and imitation of the rising and succeeding generations. The application of this principle will, it is apprehended, be justified in relation to one who acted so conspicuously, and with so wise and beneficent results, as the late Dr. AMARIAH BRIGHAM. The explanation of the text will also naturally lead to such an application.

The text is Hebrew poetry, and should be explained in accordance with its principles.

The words “mark” and “behold” are what is called a parallelism, by which two words are used to express one and the same thought.

The same remark is applicable to the words “perfect,” and “upright.” These latter words, according to the usage of the Old Testament, describe simply a good man. Job was called a “perfect man,” but he was certainly far from being faultless. God commanded Abraham to be “perfect;” but surely he was not so. “Noah was a just man, perfect in his generation,” yet the same divine record charges him with a specific act of sin. Perfection, then, when mentioned as the characteristic of a good man, is, in the language of the Old Testament, popular language merely, and indicates only such attainments as eminently good men



make. The word "peace," though often, as in the phrase, "Peace be unto you," implying *every kind* of good, seems in the text to be used especially in the sense of tranquillity, or quietness.

FIRST. The end of the good man is peace.

SECONDLY. His history is worthy of consideration.

FIRST. THE END OF THE GOOD MAN IS PEACE.

1st. *His principles lead to peace.*

The Christian becomes such by the renewal of his heart and its consecration to God. He thus becomes a servant of the "God of Peace," and of the "Prince of Peace." The preference of his own interests is hereafter to be exchanged for that of the glory of God and the good of his race. Hence, the purity, improvement, and peace of the world will constitute the rallying point of his wishes and exertions.

2d. *His personal affections are peaceful.*

His appetites, passions, affections—his whole nature is modified and held in check by the new-creating Spirit of God. All his powers are attuned to the spirit of harmony. His benevolence will then extend, not only "to the saints, the excellent of the earth," but to all men. His own soul thus becomes the embodiment of peace.

3d. *The actions of his life are peaceful.*

Such actions are but the incorporation of his principles under the impulse of his affections. Therefore "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." A good man thus naturally promotes and enjoys peace in the world.

4th. *The end of life will usually be peaceful to the Christian.*

Here we behold the culminating point of his earthly course. Through the influence of remaining depravity his life may have been, in some degree, disturbed by unsanctified affections and appetites. Pride, covetousness, ambition, and unbelief, may have dwarfed his graces. So, also, he may have suffered contempt, persecution, affliction, and bereavement. But, if he be a child of God, all these things will be seen to have "worked together for good" through an infinitely wise, gracious, and powerful Providence. A degree of peace will still usually crown his journey's end.

5th. *In eternity the Christian will have peace.*

There are brought together the results of his whole life, and the tendencies of his whole being. There he is removed beyond the power of all that tended to destroy his peace. There he is associated with all holy and peaceful beings, especially with those whose peace he had sought on earth. "His works do follow him." He weeps no more; he groans no more; he strives no more; he does not even hope any more. He now learns that his "previous light afflictions," which had been "but for a moment," are working out for him a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." His "peace" is now "as a river."

Even while on earth, he had often realized that "great peace have they which love God's law, and nothing shall offend them." But now this principle pervades and etherealizes him, and will continue to do so for ever.

SECONDLY. THE HISTORY OF A GOOD MAN IS WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

The application of this subject to our departed friend will lead me to notice in the first place, briefly, the personal and professional history of Dr. Brigham, and then his religious history.

### FIRST. HIS PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL HISTORY.

This has already been published in the Journal of Insanity. This fact, with its length, seems to make it the less important to notice it here. (See Appendix.)

I had hoped to receive a brief portrait of his *medical character* from the pen of one competent, by his medical standing and intimate acquaintance with the deceased, to the task; but it has not arrived.

His *characteristics* as a man seem sufficiently important to justify a separate notice.

1st. *His benevolence*.—His whole professional life, not only theoretically but practically, was an illustration of benevolence. To a sensitive mind, few circles of professional labor afford so many excitements to a benevolent heart as the superintendence of a large Insane Asylum. Its refining influence on our friend was especially discernible in the latter years, and more especially the last year of his life.

2d. *His justice*.—He would not willingly do an unjust act himself, nor permit it, if possible, to be done by others. On this subject his feelings were very intense. The rights of the poor, of the insane, and of all men, where his duties or influence extended, were guarded with a jealous eye. Although, in the case of the insane, he was thought to err on the side of charity, especially in what related to their criminal trials; yet the sequel has usually proved that he was right, and that he was endued with most wonderful discernment of character and condition. At the same time he frequently detected the imposition practised on less experienced physicians, by which they were induced to certify persons as insane who were not so, but were hardened criminals.

3d. *Jealousy of his own rights.*—This was a marked trait of his character, more especially before he fell under strong religious influences. Hence he sometimes appeared overbearing and vindictive.

4th. *Openness of character.*—There was in his language and manner no concealment; and he had little patience with those who had. He was eminently an outspoken man; often more so than the cunning of the world would approve, and sometimes more so than a just prudence would dictate. This was especially the case before religion had taught him to control a temper naturally irritable, especially as connected with a nervous temperament, and exposed to the thousand irritations of his official relations.

5th. *Independence of judgment.*—While he could, and did, readily avail himself of the judgment and suggestions of others, he usually had an original plan of his own, one from which he was not easily turned. Indeed, he was sometimes unhappy when thwarted in his own chosen course.

6th. *Resolution and self-reliance.*—His strong will gained additional force from the resolution and self-reliance which so strongly marked his whole character. Whatever *needed* to be done, with him usually *could* be done, and *was* done. The resources of his mind suggested the means, and his resolution impelled to the result. Hence it was, that from early boyhood, through the whole course of his education, he was so eminently a self-made man.

7th. *Facility in acquiring knowledge.*—Considering the straitened circumstances of his youth, and the amount and variety of his subsequent professional labors, his professional, intellectual, and literary attainments, were highly respectable. Indeed, there was scarcely any object of human research with whose history and progress he was not acquainted.

8th. *Quickness of perception and ready accomplishment.*—With most of the lights of science at his command, and with a large fund of common sense, he was quick in devising plans, and ready in their accomplishment. He could, with great facility, avail himself of the suggestions of others.

9th. *Industry.*—This quality operated correlatively with many of the preceding and succeeding qualities of his mind; and gave concentration to them all. Few men, with the same health, have accomplished, in the same time, so large an amount, and so great a variety of useful labors. The organization of the New-York State Lunatic Asylum, and its management for nearly seven years, was alone an herculean task. Indeed, his labors, in this last accomplishment, joined with the resulting and keenly-felt responsibility, literally cost him his life—a noble sacrifice.

10th. *Economy.*—He had a rare faculty of making the most of given means—an art he doubtless learned in his own financial affairs in early years. This is well illustrated in all that relates to the Asylum, whether we contemplate the expenditure of public funds in the enlargement of the buildings and the erection of its fixtures, or in the current management of its expenses.

11th. *Punctuality and order.*—He always worked by a plan and wise division of his time. Hence punctuality to engagements, and order in the disposition of his own and all business committed to his care, was characteristic of him.

12th. *Practicalness.*—He was eminently the observer and student of facts, and cared very little for theories. He had no time for cold speculations, or the visions of a heated fancy. This is clearly evident in his writings and all his pursuits. All that he did had a practical bearing.

## SECONDLY. HIS RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

The religious history of any good man is worthy of consideration, as illustrating the wisdom, grace, and power of God. But the experience of some is peculiarly striking, and so commends itself to the notice of compeers and successors. Such I deem that of our departed friend to have been.

(1.) *Religious history previous to 1845.*—Of this little is known. In early years he seems to have been ardently devoted to the attainment of knowledge, and to have been dependent mainly on his own exertions for temporal support. Meanwhile, he was removed almost entirely from the society of his near relatives. He probably, therefore, spent his youth with but few thoughts of God, and with no cultivation of religious character. The first religious act of his life known was his union with the Unitarian Church, in Greenfield, Mass., in the year 1827.

This act is regarded by his friends as having been founded in no deep convictions of either truth or duty. Certain it is that it did not influence his subsequent life, which, for many years, was exclusively devoted to literary and professional pursuits.

His foreign travel, in 1828–29, did not affect his religious character, certainly at least not favorably. It is probable that his intercourse with men of literary and philosophical taste merely, rather confirmed his already loose and skeptical views in religion, or cultivated a lax charity that regards all religions alike, and all as inoperative in the formation of a religious life.

In 1835 he published a book entitled “Observations on the Influence of Religion upon the Health and Physical Welfare of Mankind.” This was near the close of a period of considerable religious interest in New England, during

which he had personally met with several cases of fanatical extravagance and zeal, affecting the health alike of the bodies and minds of individuals. In this work he was led to reflect severely on the spirit and measures of revivals of religion. The community, from not appreciating the point from which the writer viewed this subject, i. e. its influence on sanity and health, were led, too hastily, to conclude that the writer was a disbeliever in all religion—an inference which he at the time and ever most solemnly denied. Time, which tests all things, and the rebukes of the religious press, led him subsequently to regret the publication of this work, which he soon permitted to go out of print.

While he seriously denied the charge of disbelief of all religion at this time, skeptical tendencies were undoubtedly strongly developed in his mind. One who best knew him, and who took a deep and active interest in his religious welfare, in communicating with the writer, says: "Dr Brigham confessed himself naturally skeptical, and afraid of imposture." Indeed, if other testimony were needed, that which he himself solemnly and frequently recorded in his religious journal, kept for the last thirteen months of his life, is sufficient. In that he confesses and deploras nothing so frequently and feelingly as his *want of religious faith*. His mind seems to have been constituted much like that of the celebrated John Foster, who found in himself an absence of positive faith in religious truth, and an easy and natural preponderance of doubt and uncertainty in religion.

Meanwhile, however, there were corrective influences at work tending to restore his soul.

One of these was the influence of pious relatives, especially his mother, and a brother, with both of whom he now cultivated a more familiar acquaintance than in former years.

In that mother he saw a simple, steady, growing influence of religion, sustaining and sanctifying her alike through the period of maternal responsibility and widowhood, and rendering her in old age cheerful and confiding.

In that brother he met a kind, faithful, and persevering reprover of his careless life, and the rectifier of his loose notions in religion.

The character of his Puritan ancestors and the ancestors of New England generally, had its influence upon him. The moulding influence of their theology and piety, on their literature, morals, social condition, and enterprise could not have escaped a less philosophical mind than his. Whatever, therefore, may have been the influence of literary and philosophical speculations, and the influence of the disciples of such speculations; and whatever the influence of a life devoted to the temporal and social good of mankind merely, there were yet strong influences at work for the recovery of his soul—influences whose power was soon to be developed.

(2.) *Religious history from the beginning of 1845, to the death of his son, August, 1848.*

In the beginning of 1845 a decided religious change came suddenly over him. It occurred during the temporary absence of nearly all his family. Its cause was unknown to his friends, and even to himself. But though a mystery seemed to hang over the causes that thus influenced him, it is perhaps not difficult, in the retrospect, to solve it. He had now measurably outlived his health. He had accomplished most of the plans formed in previous years. He had drawn deeply from the fountains of literature, especially of medical literature. He had associated freely and variously with men of literary and professional fame. He had drunk largely of the cup of popular applause. He had



passed through many exciting scenes, as well as visited the memorials of present and departed greatness in other lands.

And now what was the echo thrown back from the retrospection of all these things?

What but that which thrilled upon the ear of the wisest of men in similar, though superior, circumstances, "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity."

To a mind thus circumstanced, there are usually but two modes of escape from the present misery of such a painful discovery. The one is by the subsidence of the mind into cold, gloomy despair. The other is by the renunciation of the world, and the pursuit of more elevated and abiding objects of hope. The latter was, we believe, the happy choice of our departed friend.

The effects of this choice were soon apparent. *He exhibited a softened and subdued temper*—a temper which had hitherto been quite liable to irritation, under the influence of a nervous temperament and the pressure of professional business.

*A revival and improvement of social affections* was also another benign effect. Early separated from his near kindred and thrown upon his own resources, with little time for social culture, he had suffered, as most professional men of studious habits and severe labors are in danger of doing. But when his heart was touched by divine influences, he seemed to turn instinctively to his family and friends, to find in his domestic relations and duties, those pleasures and that improvement which God designed they should afford. His private religious journal, kept the last year of his life, makes frequent and tender references to this subject. He there makes grateful acknowledgment to God of his sources of domestic joy, and of his responsibility in

domestic duties, while his filial and fraternal affections seem to have been equally revived and strengthened.

Although I find room in this discourse for but a single quotation from this journal, I most earnestly wish that a large portion of it could be published, as the illustration of the power of truth on a gifted mind.

*A taste for religious reading* was another happy result of this religious impulse. He seemed conscious of ignorance in practical, experimental religion, and sought instruction from such books as Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Baxter's Saint's Rest, and the life of Dr. Arnold.

*The silent surrender of lax notions in theoretical and practical religion* was another effect.

This was evident in his suggestion of the proper course of preaching in the pulpit of the Asylum, where, to use his own words, he thought "Christ Jesus and him crucified," should be held forth.

He also suggested the propriety of a more thorough and searching style of preaching and prayer at the monthly meetings held the first Monday of each month than was consistent, upon the Sabbath, to an audience more largely and variously constituted of the insane than was the case at the monthly meetings.

He also was very anxious that as many patients and attendants should attend public worship, as was consistent with the duties of the one and the manageableness of the other.

The loss of the steamboat Swallow, on the Hudson river, in the April of 1845, seemed deeply to affect his mind; and he suggested to the Chaplain the propriety of its improvement, as an occasion of warning to the community at the Asylum. But one of the most interesting effects of

this new impulse of his religious feelings, was the erection of the family altar in his household. This was one of the first fruits of his new religious feelings, and continued with occasional interruptions, unto the close of this period.

Such were some of the effects produced by this new and remarkable change.

Although there were occasional hindrances in his progress, when his religious feelings were less apparent; yet it was obvious to all, especially to his intimate acquaintance, that the progress of his mind was onward towards "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Whether the experience of this period was such as to justify the confident hope that he was, at heart, converted, may be a question upon which his most intimate friends might answer differently. Certain it is, that while his religious affections lacked uniformity, and his views and apprehensions clearness; and while there was not a sufficient steady and wide pervasion of his soul by pious influences, he yet felt more deeply than the most of his friends were, at the time, aware. The evidence of this has been made clear since his death, in the full and frank statements of his intimate friends.

### III. RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE CLOSING YEAR OF HIS LIFE UNTO HIS LAST SICKNESS.

The effect of the impulse which his mind received in January, 1845, was never fully lost, as his friends can testify, and as he often said during the closing year of his life.

An event, or series of events, was now approaching, which was designed to complete the change already in progress in his mind, if it were yet incomplete. I refer to the death of his son and mother—the first on the 16th of

August, and the last on the 25th of September, 1848. That son, a son of twelve years old, an only son; the delight, the pride, and the hope of his father, was removed by an attack of dysentery, after lingering twelve days.

During the progress of his illness he exhibited a deep and tender conviction of the sinfulness of his heart and life, of the need of faith in Christ, and the application of atoning blood for the pardon of his sins. He asked the forgiveness of all, and warned his parents and sisters to be prepared to meet him in heaven. He had inferred the certainty and speed of his own approaching death, before it had been announced to him by his physicians and friends. As life gradually declined, he seemed, as he told his mother, to hold conscious communion with the Saviour, who, he said, "spoke openly to him." Thus he passed sweetly away.

Here was a voice from the grave, a voice from eternity, a voice from God. It declared the emptiness of all earthly hopes and the sovereignty of God in his dispensations.

To a less sensitive mind than his this event must have carried deep convictions; but to one constituted as his was, it was crushing indeed. It was calculated, in all its phases, to affect just such a mind as his. It attacked, not so much the citadel of his earlier erroneous philosophy as the citadel of his heart. He heard the voice of simple childhood proclaiming, from the borders of the grave, beyond which it looked into eternity, while it seemed to hold converse with the Saviour of sinners—proclaiming, I say, those simple doctrines in which until lately at least, he had either been an unbeliever, or which he had held in cold speculation merely. He there saw also duties practiced in the example, and commended in the exhortations of a child; duties of which, until lately, he had been a con-

stant neglecter. If, at this time, there remained a single strong-hold of error in religious sentiments, or of selfishness and insubordination of affections, it now seemed overwhelmed.

At the same time an arrow of silent uncomplaining grief transfixed his soul, whose point was only driven deeper and deeper amid the pressure of business in succeeding months. Henceforth the healthful religious impulses, received almost four years before, and which had begun to decline, were to be quickened. New offerings were to be brought to the family altar; and a new interest felt in the spiritual improvement of his children. Immediately subsequent to the death of his son, the care of the Asylum, and the completion of some unfinished plans in regard to it, were prosecuted with his usual ardor, so that his associates in business had no apprehension of the weight that was secretly pressing upon his soul.

The death of his mother, about six weeks subsequently to that of his son, left a very different impression upon his mind. She was an aged and mature Christian, just closing an eventful, but now declining life, in peace. This exhibition tended to show him the power of religion to comfort and support, in a gentle, and yet most convincing manner.

*Farther results of these afflictions.*—He seemed painfully conscious of the unholy ambition of his previous years, when it had been his great desire to be known as an eminent surgeon. He commented, in terms of tender severity, upon the lingering pride of old physicians, who tenaciously pursue an expiring fame, and are unwilling to retire and permit the advancement of younger and more recently educated physicians. He often remarked that his plans of enterprise and usefulness, marked out in earlier years, were now nearly complete, and would be consum-

mated in the conclusion of some unfinished, but progressive labors at the Asylum. This being done, he considered that regard to his own declining health, after so many years of incessant toil and responsibility—regard to his own spiritual needs, and regard to the usefulness of younger medical brethren, all would require him to retire from the stirring scenes of life. He had even gone so far as to suggest a place for such retirement, and a plan for its improvement. He seemed, however, penetrated with a deep and abiding conviction that his own life was short. This seemed to arise partly from an accurate and calm view of his declining health, and partly from his recent afflictions, afflictions which weighed more heavily upon him than I have ever known in any parallel case, where energy of body and mind were left to bear so heavy and varied responsibility as fell to his lot.

This conviction of the shortness of life led him to “set his house in order.” He made a written catalogue of all his published writings, amounting to 29 different works, including articles in Medical Journals and Annual Reports of Superintendence of Asylums. He made a deliberate settlement of all the affairs of his estate. He selected a place for his grave!

Meanwhile, to the casual observer his life seemed to move on in its accustomed channels. The same energy in business, and the same vigilance that marked his efficient duties in former years, marked the last. To his friends a shade of sadness, a strong disposition to self-control, a tenderness in all that related to his family, and a most affectionate and tender, but subdued recollection of his deceased son, were apparent.

The pervasion of the Asylum at, and subsequently to, the death of his son, by dysentery, (a disease that exten-

sively ravaged the surrounding community at the same time,) and the visitation of the same institution by varicella during the winter succeeding, did much to harrow up his excited sensibilities, and added greatly to his labors and responsibilities. In the spring, when all was past, he took occasion, at the regular monthly meeting for religious worship, held on Monday evening, to thank, on his own behalf and the behalf of the managers, the attendants, for the fidelity and courage with which they had staid at their posts, and fulfilled their duties during these solemn seasons of visitation. On this occasion so tender were his recollections of these sad events, that his feeling quite overcame his utterance.

His whole soul seemed at times pervaded with a sense of darkness and need of Divine teaching. His religious journal makes frequent and varied mention of these things, interspersed with prayers for Divine guidance. He especially laments his want of faith in divine things in general, and in the Saviour in particular, and his failure to control the irritability of his temper. With great frequency and earnestness he prays for the light of the Holy Spirit to guide him. He sought also for a more elevated and sustained spiritual life, one in which he could triumph over his passions and his pride. He read books on practical religion with great eagerness, particularly the life of Mrs. Fry, Sir T. F. Buxton, Robert Murray McCheyne, Wilberforce, and Thomas á Kempis.

In his family he became the instructor of his children in spiritual things. The religious comfort and improvement of the Institution, whether of attendants or patients, also received much more attention than previously.

Thus passed away the last year of his life. None thought, but himself, that it might probably be his last ;

and few were aware how much of it had been spent in religious reading, meditation, and prayers. Few knew of his spiritual conflicts, his joys, and his victories.

#### IV. CLOSING SCENES.

He was seized with dysentery about the 24th of August, and died on the 8th of September, after an illness of fourteen days.

On the 5th of August, less than three weeks before his seizure with disease, he made his last entry in his religious journal, from which I make the following extract :

“ While disease is raging in various parts of our country, we have not been visited. O, may we be devoutly grateful to God ! I know not how it has so happened that several times of late, and also to-day, I have moments of great spiritual peace and joy ; a willingness to submit cheerfully to God’s will, even unto death. In fact, death seems, of late, to be less terrific than heretofore. \* \* \* Oh, that I could more concentrate my thoughts on God, and Christ, and Heaven, and that I loved to do so. Father in Heaven, make it my greatest delight to recur to thee, and help me so to live and feel that I may be approved of thee. \* \* \* \*

“ I pray for the aid of the Holy Spirit to change me, and make me love goodness, and to strive perpetually to grow in love to God, to Christ, to men.

“ Now, as I am about to retire for the night, uncertain whether I shall ever be able again to write in this book,” (a foreboding, alas ! too well founded,) “ I again invoke thee, my Father in Heaven, to take me wholly under thy care, and lead me by thy grace, and make me thy devoted servant, by such means as thou seest fit.”

“ One year ago my dear son was taken ill of the disease that terminated his life. That sad event, I cannot but



hope, will be sanctified to me and my family, so that we shall all be again reunited in heaven ; and if so, Oh, how trivial is life, and all the things of life, and how patiently should we endure what we call suffering here ; knowing that however severe, they will last but a very short time, and that we shall enter on a state of enjoyment where all trouble will cease, where partings from those we love are unknown !

“ Oh, Lord Jesus, my Saviour, and Thou, Oh Holy Spirit ! guide me through the remainder of life, whether it be for a few days, or for years ; so that, at last, I may be accepted, through the mercy of my Saviour and God.”

After noticing at some length his habits of intellectual pursuits, and their favorable influence on his health and happiness, he adds : “ But cannot I now, and ought I not, to direct my thoughts and imagination to other things—to a future state, to heaven, and to a reunion with all my family and kindred and friends, all purified and freed from every imperfection ? I think I had, and I will try to do so.

“ Oh, how insignificant is earth and all earthly things ! Life and its trials, troubles, and enjoyments, compared with life in a state that will never end, and where all doubts, all mysteries, will be removed ; where we shall know all things ; where the happiness is such that it is impossible for the imagination of man on earth fully to conceive.

“ But we know enough for our thoughts and hopes now to revel in—the greatness, the goodness, the perfections of God. Let me, then, hereafter devote my leisure mental moments to these things.

“ In short, as I am approaching eternity, may my thoughts and hopes be directed there. Let me daily learn to contemplate Heaven, and God, and Christ, and departed kindred, and the indescribable happiness of heaven, and

thus wean myself from earth, and acquire not only a willingness, but even a longing, if it is God's will, to depart from earth ; to leave all its sorrows, sufferings, and all its enjoyments, for the perfect and never ending enjoyments of heaven."

Thus wrote our friend in the retirement of his closet, in the presence of God, and with the light of eternity beaming radiantly into his soul. Now, consider that this was just before his last and overwhelming seizure with disease, during which he was able, probably, to *think*, as he certainly was to *speak*, but little ; and then tell me whether that record of his feelings, joys, and purposes, does not look like a careful, and almost an intentional preparation for his last journey. I saw him first during his sickness, about the third day after his attack. He was feeble, but calm, spoke freely of his disease, expressed an indifference to the result, and felt an apprehension that the attack would prove fatal.

He referred very definitely to the change that had been going on in his mind for some years past, (as I have noticed above,) and said that his present calmness and hope were not the work of the moment. He expressed a fixed confidence in Christ, and utterly disclaimed any merit in the actions of his past life. (See Appendix.) I did not see him again before his strength was too much exhausted for continued conversation. The most I could do was to encourage him to calm confidence in the Redeemer, and closed the interview with prayer. He continued much in the same state of mind—calm, submissive, and confiding—taking, as he was able, indescribably affecting notice of his family around him, until the light of his vision here was exchanged, as we believe, for the radiance of eternity.

His funeral was hastened by the state of the weather.

The exercises were conducted by the Chaplain of the Asylum, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Wiley, of Utica, who was the pastor of the family, and by the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Albany. A vast concourse of citizens was in attendance. The haste of that occasion made a full notice of Dr. Brigham's life and dying exercises impossible, and suggested the propriety of the present discourse.

## REFLECTIONS.

1. *How interesting is the history of a gifted mind!*—In the sight of God, the history of no mind is devoid of interest. But an enlarged and gifted mind, acting conspicuously through a long period of years, and becoming the medium of rich and varied good to the world, is certainly an object of pleasing interest. Such was the history of our departed friend.

2. *How insignificant are all merely earthly attainments!*—None of them can be carried into eternity, and none of them stay up the soul in a dying hour. "In God's favor is life," and "his loving-kindness is better than life." The wealth of the whole world would leave the soul bankrupt; but with God it is rich, though "enduring the loss of all things" else. So thought our departed friend, and strove to "lay up his treasure in heaven."

3. *Religion is the crowning attainment of life.*—This is truly the "one thing needful," the jewel whose brightness outshines all the pearls and diamonds of an earthly crown. Other graces shine only by comparison, and are liable to be obscured, while all burn out their splendors in time; but the righteous shall shine "as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

The submission of our friend to God, the laying down of all his honors at the Redeemer's feet, his disrelish and for-

getfulness of all earthly distinctions, and that, too, long before a dying hour, will be remembered and appreciated when his merely professional fame will be forgotten.

4. *Death knows no earthly distinctions.*—Of these our friend had many, but they do not avail him now. Toil subdued his frame, and disease invaded his vital organs, regardless of the manly, vigorous spirit that energized them. And now he lies in the common grave of our race.

5. *Death should be leisurely prepared for.*—Our friend waited not to see his health utterly wane, his laurels fade, his joys expire in his embrace, and earth become a joyless blank. No: but in his full career, and without forsaking the path of honorable duty and weighty responsibility, he began to act under the conviction that he was an immortal and accountable being, bound to the judgment of God. Thus it was that, without an appeal to his selfish fears, he deliberately and leisurely sought to make his peace with God, and “set his house in order.”

6. *Religion makes men simple and earnest.*—Our friend had no heart for controversy, and none for speculation, in the later years of his life. The simple doctrines of the Bible, and the simplest duties of religion, assumed the predominance of his faith, and the guide of practice.

Perhaps no one can answer the question—Did he ever, *in form*, reject the crude religious speculations of early years? The question is of little importance. He did what was infinitely more satisfactory than any merely verbal rejection of error, or acknowledgment of truth—he received the truth “in the love of it,” and lived according to its precepts. He looked first at the state of his own heart, dreading a heresy there as infinitely more dangerous than in the region of the intellect merely.

7. *How glorious is the gospel of Christ!*—It has occa-

sionally, in every age, received the homage of talent and worth; and wrung, even from its foes, an intellectual assent to its truth and purity. The deceased had learning, fame, and the consciousness of great usefulness. He abundantly enjoyed the ordinary blessings of life. Friends were kind and faithful. He had also seen much of the world and of life. But among all these things there was nothing to fill or stay his soul. Turning from them all, as vanity, or at least inferior good, he reposed his confidence in Christ, sought the light of the Holy Spirit, and found his highest pleasures in the duties and sympathies of religion. As the simple waters of the bubbling fountain, and the pure air and light of heaven, are fitted alike to sustain all God's creatures, so the same promises of the Gospel, and the same doctrines and duties of religion, become alike the comfort, food, and pleasure of all who believe, be they wise or ignorant, bond or free.

8. *How glorious is the rest of Heaven!*—How appropriate to a life of toil and benevolent care here! Rest with God and with all holy predecessors, associates, and successors; a holy fellowship with all the redeemed, and this through eternal ages—these things are, indeed, worth living for. How numerous, glorious, and joyous is that company! Amid their elevated employments we mourn for them no more. There the father, his mother, and his son, and all holy and pious kindred previously removed from earth, are now united, to weep no more, to part no more, for ever.

## APPENDIX.

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### LINES WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SERMON.

His work is done!  
Well hath he run the brilliant race of life.  
What aims pursu'd he, and what hopes attain'd?  
Sought he to lay up stores of gilded wealth?  
To write his name on wide domains of dust?  
Built he "his nest on high," in marble domes?  
Or did the slippery mount of civic fame  
Tempt his ambitious feet to high emprise?  
Did names of learned greatness woo his soul?  
Or pleasure's siren voice beguile his steps?  
No. Such were not his aims, nor these his hopes:  
Of their pursuit he left no monuments.  
Though, in his manhood's early prime, such thoughts  
May have his soul imbued, or fir'd his zeal,  
Yet purer views impell'd maturer years.  
In pains so oft reliev'd, in health restor'd,  
In minds where reason re-enthron'd sits calm,  
In circles of domestic peace and joy,  
Whose peace he hath restor'd, whose joy renew'd,  
In hearts of youth his charities have cheer'd,  
In learned books promotive of these ends,  
There is his name engrav'd on tablets bright,  
These are his own high monuments of fame.  
Seek any yet for proofs of his high powers,—  
For illustrations of devoted zeal?  
Behold these massive walls of chisell'd stone,  
From deep foundations to the glittering dome.  
Though they were rear'd by other hands than his,  
His was the strength that fill'd their bounds with life,  
The art and love that made them fit abodes,

Where stagger'd reason rectifies her course,  
 Where broken hearts and crushed hopes revive.  
 For such results as these he gave his all—his life.

His race is run.

Mark ye his shining track, his upward course.  
 Go forth like him the broken heart to bind,  
 The bursting sigh repress, and falling tear.  
 When all your work is done, then with him say,—  
 As said he oft in later days of health,  
 As said and felt he in his dying hours—  
 "My duty only is in all these deeds.  
 Of merit I have none, nor ground of hope;  
 To Calvary's cross my spirit flies for help."  
 Then will the Judge benign pronounce this doom,  
 The doom of him, of you, of all the just:  
 "Since ye have lov'd and heal'd these lost of mine,  
 Me also have ye lov'd and heal'd in them:  
 Enter with joy into my promised rest."

C. E. G.

State Lunatic Asylum, Utica, September 26, 1849.

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## AMARIAH BRIGHAM, M. D.

The following sketch was written by one of the managers of the Asylum—a distinguished physician—Dr. CHARLES B. COVENTRY:

Dr. AMARIAH BRIGHAM was born in the town of New Marlborough, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, on the 26th day of December, 1798, where his father, John Brigham, was also born. His grandfather, Francis Brigham, one of the first settlers of the place, was from Marlborough, in Worcester county, a descendant of Thomas Brigham, who came over from England, and settled in Cambridge in 1640. In 1805, the father of Amariah moved to Chatham, Columbia county, New York, where he had purchased a farm, and died there in 1809. On the death of his father, the subject of this memoir, who was now eleven years of age, went to reside with an uncle, Dr. Origen Brigham, a highly respectable physician in Schoharie, New York. Here he hoped long to reside, and to follow the profession of his uncle, for which he had already imbibed a fondness. But it was so ordered in Providence, that in the course of a few years, this beloved relative was

removed by death, and the nephew left with limited resources, to seek some new home and employment.

After remaining a short period with his mother in Chatham, having little taste for the farm, and an ardent desire for books and knowledge, he started off alone at the age of fourteen, for Albany, in pursuit of a livelihood. He soon found a place there, in a book and stationery establishment, where he resided in the family of the proprietor, and found himself happy. He had there abundant access to books, was in the neighborhood of the courts, the Legislature, and public men, and embraced with eagerness every possible means of acquiring knowledge. One who furnishes the material for this part of the memoir, well remembers the enthusiasm with which he would describe men and scenes of the capital, on his occasional visits to his mother at Chatham. Though but fifteen years of age, he could describe the person and qualities of almost every man of note who came to Albany, had his own opinion formed on nearly all matters of public interest, and could cite book and chapter for the ground of his opinion.

He often mentioned one little occurrence in connection with the late Daniel D. Tompkins, who was then Governor of the State. He was directed, soon after entering on his new employment, to carry some articles of stationery to the Chief Magistrate, who resided in a mansion with spacious grounds in front, near the Capitol. After delivering his parcel, and coming down one of the winding paths to the gate, he picked up a new silk handkerchief which had been accidentally dropped. Presuming it to belong to some of the Governor's family, he went back and inquired for an owner. The Governor soon appeared in person, gave him many thanks for the return of the article, inquired of him his history, and then dismissed him with a cordial shake of the hand and a generous piece of money. That occurrence, which he often mentioned in later years, impressed deeply on his mind two things: the value of strict integrity in boys, and of kind attention towards them by men of prominence. He said he could not be bribed after that to do a dishonest act for all the wealth of the capital.

During a three year's residence at Albany, while he had given perfect satisfaction to his employer, he had retained his desire for professional life, and had devoted all his leisure time to reading and inquiry relating to the same. His mother now moving back to his native place in Berkshire, Massachusetts, he soon got released from his engagements and resided with her, and entered on the study of medicine with Dr. Edmund C. Peet, a distinguished physician, brother of H. P. Peet, Esq., President of the New York Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

Here he resided and studied more than four years, subtracting one or



two winter terms, when he taught school; and one spent in New York, attending lectures. His study too, was close and thorough, often amounting to twelve hours a day, besides miscellaneous reading.

While he had at this time, when his professional studies commenced, acquired an extensive acquaintance with books, had practiced much in composition, and wrote well, he had never in form studied English grammar. One who was the teacher of a select school in the place, informs us that he was waited on by the young medical student, with a proposition to be taught the grammar, and wished to have it all done in a single day. A day was given him, and a hard day's work it was, for hundreds of questions had to be thoroughly answered, and different parts of the text-book explained. In the evening several young persons, who had spent months in the same study, undertook to examine the pupil of a day, and found, to their surprise, that he had not only reached their position in the study, but had gone beyond them, and could propose and solve difficulties in the language quite too hard for them. Within a few weeks he commenced the teaching of a school for the winter, in which he had a large class in grammar, and which was so taught, that at the closing examination, both teacher and pupils received high commendation.

In prosecuting his medical studies, he found that many things which he wanted were locked up in the French language. With the same resolution which had led him to master the English grammar, he procured dictionaries and other helps, and without any teacher mastered the French. Nearly one-third of his large library left, is in this tongue, and was read, in later years particularly, with as much facility as his own vernacular.

The year 1820, when his professional studies closed, he spent with Dr. Plumb, of Canaan, Connecticut, engaged, most of the time, in practice with him. In 1821, he commenced practice by himself in the town of Enfield, Massachusetts. Here he remained for two years, with fair prospects, but finding a more inviting field before him in Greenfield, the shiretown of Franklin county, he removed thither, and practiced for two years, when he went to Europe. After a year's residence in France, Italy, England, and Scotland, he returned to Greenfield, but moved, in April, 1841, to Hartford, Connecticut. Here he had a large and successful practice, much of it in the line of surgery, until 1837, when he moved to New York, and lectured one winter in the Crosby street Medical College. But his health here not being good, and not liking the confinement, to which he was so unused, he returned in October, 1838, to Hartford, a place which was always dear to him, and where he had hoped, even the last year, to spend the evening of his days. Dr. Brigham was married, January 23, 1833, to Susan C. Root,

daughter of Spencer Root, Esq., of Greenfield, Massachusetts, by whom he had four children, of whom three, with their mother, survive to mourn his death. In January, 1840, he was appointed in connection with Dr. Sumner, to take charge of the Retreat for the Insane, at Hartford, and in July, 1840, was appointed Superintendent of the same.

In the summer of 1842, Dr. Brigham was appointed Superintendent of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, at Utica. The institution was opened on the 16th of January, 1843. From this time, until the period of his death, he was unceasing in his devotion to the great cause of humanity in which he was engaged. It is well known that the building first erected, was intended as only a part of the entire establishment, and consequently, was not susceptible of such an arrangement, as was necessary for a proper classification. It was the ambition of Dr. Brigham, that the State of New York should have a model institution, and this was impossible without further accommodations; and although his duties were thereby rendered more arduous and responsible, without any increase of remuneration, he was unceasing in his application to the managers and the Legislature, for additional buildings. In May, 1844, an additional appropriation of \$60,000 was made by the Legislature, to enable the managers to erect two additional wings for patients, thus doubling the accommodations, and also the necessary room for bakery, wash-rooms, &c., in the rear of the buildings, and thus removing them from the basement of the main building. The new erections were completed in 1846, and were soon filled with patients. From that time until the present, the average number of patients has been from four hundred and fifty to five hundred. Dr. Brigham was not only desirous of establishing an institution which should be creditable to the State, but, in order that our citizens should avail themselves of its advantages, he labored to diffuse a more extended knowledge of the subject of insanity. This he did by popular lectures, and by embodying in his reports details of the causes, the early symptoms, and means of prevention, but particularly by the establishment of a quarterly journal, viz: "*The Journal of Insanity*," which was devoted exclusively to this subject. In order to secure its more extensive circulation, it was placed at the low price of one dollar a year, in addition to many copies gratuitously distributed. To the readers of the Journal, nothing need be said of its merits. At the time it was commenced, it was the only Journal of the kind published, either in this or any other country, and elicited the highest encomiums from the medical and legal professions, both in Europe and America. Although Dr. Brigham was the responsible editor, it was the medium of communication for some of the ablest writers in our country. We have reason to know, that in addition

to the gratuitous labor of editing and superintending its publication, it was long maintained at a heavy pecuniary sacrifice. In the *Prospectus* to the first number, the Doctor says :

"The object of this Journal is to popularize the study of insanity—to acquaint the general reader with the nature and varieties of this disease, methods of prevention and cure. We also hope to make it interesting to members of the medical and legal profession, and to all those engaged in the study of the phenomena of mind.

"Mental philosophy, or metaphysics, is but a portion of the physiology of the brain ; and the small amount of good accomplished by psychological writers, may perhaps be attributed to the neglect of studying the mind, in connection with that material medium which influences, by its varying states of health and disease, all mental operations.

"We regard the human brain as the *chef-d'œuvre*, or master-piece of creation. There is nothing that should be so carefully guarded through all the periods of life. Upon its proper development, exercise, and cultivation, depend the happiness and higher interests of man. Insanity is but a disease of this organ, and when so regarded, it will often be prevented, and generally cured by the early adoption of proper methods of treatment."

In August, 1848, Dr. Brigham lost his only son, John Spencer Brigham, a promising and particularly attractive lad of the age of 12 years. In this son was treasured a father's fondest hopes and proudest aspirations. He fell a victim to the dysentery which was prevailing in the Asylum, as also in the neighboring city of Utica and surrounding country, in a malignant form. A few weeks after he was called to follow to the grave his only remaining parent. These repeated afflictions, which were felt as parents who have lost the child of their affections alone can feel, evidently preyed upon a constitution naturally feeble, and seemed to prepare the way for his own premature removal. Though educated by a pious mother, and enjoying the advantages of an early religious education, he, like too many others, had been too much engrossed with the cares of this life to attend much to the future. This circumstance, with some severe strictures in his writings on the pernicious effects of revivals and protracted meetings on the health of young persons, very unjustly gave rise to a charge of skepticism and infidelity. If there was a fault, it was one into which a medical man, like Dr. B., possessed of a strong feeling of benevolence, would naturally run, viz: in his solicitude for the health and physical well-being, to forget that there were other and higher claims than those of this world. For the last four or five years more attention was paid to the subject of religion. The death of his son and mother made him feel more strongly the vanity and uncertainty of all earthly ties, and induced him to place his treasures in heaven. Dr. B. seemed to have a presentiment that his earthly pilgrimage was approaching its termination, and in his letter to his brother, the Rev. John C. Brigham, on the subject of the death of his son and mother,

he spoke freely of his own death as not far distant; expressing, however, neither fear or regret. It was but too evident to the friends of Dr. B. that his afflictions, together with his arduous duties, were preying upon a constitution naturally feeble, and he was urged to relax his exertions, and if that could not be done to resign his situation; but he could not consent to leave his work unfinished, and only promised that when the institution was in a condition to dispense with his services, he would retire; but, alas! that period never arrived. In the month of August, the dysentery again made its appearance in the institution, but in a much milder form than in the preceding year. Dr. B. was seized with diarrhoea, which in many cases was the precursor of the more formidable affection. He, however, still persisted in discharging the duties of his office, and attending to his patients, until so far exhausted that it was impossible. The writer first saw him on the 27th of August; he had then been confined to his bed three days, and was suffering from the ordinary symptoms of dysentery; with fever, pain, and discharges of blood, but combined with extreme debility and prostration, so as to cause great apprehensions for the result. The severer symptoms yielded readily to the treatment, and his medical attendants flattered themselves with the hope that he might still be spared; but these hopes proved delusive: the disease, though not severe, had exhausted the little strength which he possessed, and there seemed no power of restoration. Every effort was made to sustain the system, (which was all that could be done,) but these efforts were all vain, and he expired without a struggle or a groan, on the morning of the 8th of September, 1849. The Doctor himself from the first said he should not recover, spoke calmly but freely about his death, gave directions about his affairs, and as to his burial, requesting to be laid beside his beloved son, and that the bodies of both should subsequently be removed to the new cemetery, where a spot has been selected for their interment.

Dr. Brigham was a philanthropist, a lover of his brother man, in the strictest sense of the term; he no doubt was ambitious of fame and distinction, but he was still more ambitious of being useful, and often expressed the idea, that he saw no object in living after a man had ceased to be useful. Fortunately for the community, the usefulness of which he was most ambitious will not perish with him. As the first Superintendent and organizer of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, he has erected a monument as durable as the blocks of stone of which it was built. His teachings too live in his writings. In addition to his annual reports, in which the whole subject of insanity is discussed, and the editorial articles in the "*Journal of Insanity*," he has at different times published works of a more permanent

character. In 1832, he published a small volume on the epidemic or Asiatic cholera; also a work on mental cultivation and excitement. In 1836, a volume on the influence of religion upon the health and physical welfare of mankind. In 1840, a volume on the brain, embracing its anatomy, physiology, and pathology. His last publication was an appropriate crowning of his labor of benevolence; it is a small duodecimo volume, entitled "*The Asylum Souvenir*," and is dedicated to those who have been under the care of the author and compiler. It consists of a collection of aphorisms and maxims, to aid in the restoration and preservation of health, and we have no doubt it will be cherished with a double care, as it may now be considered the parting legacy of their friend and benefactor. The following extracts will exhibit the general tenor of the work:

#### "THE ASYLUM SOUVENIR.

"To all those who are or have been in my charge as patients, this little book is affectionately dedicated by their friend,—AMARIAH BRIGHAM.

"Peace be around thee wherever thou rovest,  
 May life be for thee one summer's day,  
 And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,  
 Come smiling around thy sunny way.  
 If sorrow e'er this calm should break,  
 May even thy tears pass off so lightly,  
 Like spring showers, they'll only make  
 The smiles that follow shine more brightly."

Were we asked what were the leading traits in the character of our departed friend, we should answer, that the first and strongest impulse was one of kindness and benevolence, but this was combined with a high sense of justice, and he would not indulge the former at the expense of the latter. In addition, he possessed a strong feeling of self-reliance, a quickness of perception which enabled him to seize readily the views of others, and use them for his own purpose; but above and before all, an iron will and determination, which brooked no opposition; consequently in whatever situation he was placed, he must be absolute, or he was unhappy. It is seldom we find this strong determination of purpose connected with a feeble constitution, but whenever it exists, the individual may be marked for a premature grave: the strongest constitution can scarcely long maintain itself under the thousand irritations and annoyances to which such a will is subject.

The following extracts from the reports of Dr. B. while Superintendent of the Asylum, at Utica, are a specimen of the tone of kindness which pervades all his writings:

"That education which consults the good of the whole man, that tends to develop and strengthen in just proportion the moral, intellectual, and

physical powers, is conducive to health of body and mind. But in all countries the intellect or some of the intellectual faculties are cultivated to the neglect of the moral qualities, while in others the feelings, appetites, and propensities, are too greatly indulged and cultivated, to the neglect of just intellectual improvement. Hence arise unbalanced minds which are prone to become disordered. They feel too intensely, and are too ardently devoted to the accomplishment of certain purposes to bear disappointment without injury. They have not been taught *self-denial*, without which all education is defective."—3d Annual Report, pp. 54, 55.

"Allusion has been made to a predisposition to insanity being given by premature cultivation of the mental faculties. This appears to be a fruitful source of weak, ill-regulated, and, not unfrequently, disordered minds. The mental powers being unduly and irregularly tasked in early life, never after obtain their natural vigor and harmonious action. The dominion of reason should extend over all the feelings and impulses, the good as well as the bad, for insanity is perhaps most frequently produced by the excitement of some of the best impulses of our nature."—1st Report, pp. 34, 35.

Dr. Brigham, as we have said, was ambitious, but his was a noble ambition. He was ambitious of being useful to mankind, and of leaving a monument by which he should be remembered in after ages, and be ranked among the benefactors of our race; and most nobly has he succeeded. Few men were less covetous of personal popularity, or more regardless of the opinions of those about him, so long as he was sustained by the approbation of his own conscience. The following extract from Bryant, which he himself selected for "*The Asylum Souvenir*," but a short time before his death, beautifully expresses the purpose of his life, and the manner of his death:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustain'd and sooth'd  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

C. B. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. A. BRIGHAM maintained through life an unbroken correspondence with his brother in New York. Many of the letters of the former, particularly those written from England, Scotland, France, and Italy, furnish pictures of the public men and institutions of the Old World, which would probably be read with some interest if published. But the aim of this pamphlet is mainly to present something of the religious history of the deceased. With the subject of religion much of the correspondence referred to, particularly in later years, is connected; and extracts from the whole, on this topic, would show a wonderful change of views and feelings. The sermon furnishes an outline of this progressive change and happy termination. A few extracts from recent letters to his brother will confirm the sentiments of the sermon. It may here be observed, too, that this brother, who had long taken such a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the deceased, was with him in his last illness, and received the most gratifying testimony that he had passed through all the entanglements of false philosophy and false religion, and had become "rooted and grounded" in fundamental truth; in genuine "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." The great difficulty had ever been, (as is the case with all moral unconverted men,) for him to see his own sinful, lost condition, so as to feel the need of such a Saviour as the New Testament offers. But now during the last year of his life, he could find no words to express the full sense of his unworthiness. In the last interview with him, he deplored his past selfish life, which had nearly all been spent without reference to God and his Son. But yet, great as his neglect and guilt had been, he could not but be grateful for hope of pardon, and for the unlooked for peace which was afforded him in the trying hour. When interrogated as to the ground of his hope and peace, he responded, with emphasis, "the atonement of Jesus Christ." Here was his only trust. This was his reliance as he parted with family and friends, and entered the dark valley, soon to join, we can hardly doubt, in the song, "worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

The following are the extracts referred to, with their respective dates. The first is to an aged friend, Judge B., who seems not to have been apprised of the moral changes which the mind of the Doctor had undergone:

ASYLUM, UTICA, January 15, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter has much affected me. It was the first intimation I had of your illness; and I have tried to get time to call on you, but an unusual pressure of cares here has prevented me, and for fear I may

not be able to see you, I write you this to express my sympathy in your afflictions.

You mistake, my dear sir, if you suppose I have any "philosophy" to support me in deep afflictions, or in view of an exchange of worlds. Oh, no! and I know of nothing that can, but a *firm belief in the religion of Jesus*, and which I now regard as the greatest and most to be desired of all blessings. Give me but this *undoubting faith*, and I could patiently bear all the ills of life. Even now, the slight and, as it were, transitory hopes I have, founded on the Gospel, are to me sources of great comfort—far more so than I derive from any thing else.

Much of my life has been devoted to the gratification of selfish purposes, and the accomplishment of plans for worldly aggrandizement; but I have now no farther ambitious views to gratify. Yet I feel satisfied, and can truly say, with your departed friend, "I am content"—feeling that I have had my full share of the good things of this life, even more than any merit or exertion of my own entitled me to. I desire to be devoutly thankful that this change has come upon me unattended by any gloom or repining. On the contrary, I never felt more cheerful or happy in mind. All this I believe is owing to the weak and imperfect faith I have in the Gospel of Christ.

That you may have consolations from the same source, and that we both may have this faith increased and made permanent, and that we may both look with joy rather than sorrow to another state of existence, and to a union with all that is truly good and great, and to be again united with those we have loved on earth, is the prayer of your much attached friend.

(*To his Brother.*)

ASYLUM, February 11, 1849.

DEAR BROTHER:—I have just returned (last evening) from Albany, where I spent five days, and had a pleasant season. Not having much to do, I was enabled to be alone in my room much of the time, and think I derived more enjoyment, peace, and hope, than ever before, in reading the Bible and in praying. I also bought the *Life of Wilberforce*, and am much pleased with it. He was not only a far greater man, but a more devoted, humble Christian, than I had before supposed. His religious course, his conversion, seems almost miraculous. With every thing likely to attach him to the things of this world—youth, wealth, wit, and great powers of pleasing, high political standing, &c.—yet he became, it seems to me, a most true disciple of Christ.

Oh, that I could enjoy a small share of his true piety. I am confident



there is in some persons a more *natural* tendency to devotional feelings and to religion than in others. Wilberforce says that he thinks he was *naturally* disposed to devotion. I feel that I am not; and yet of late, I at times feel great encouragement that God will enlighten me, and give me his Holy Spirit to guide me and to *save me from myself*, if I may so say. I can and do resolve to do right, and yet every hour I am sinning, and have not, in much of the concerns of the day, God in all my thoughts.

I feel and fear that the cares and perplexities attendant on managing this great establishment, keep my mind anxious and harassed, and away from God. Oh, that I could cast all my burdens on him, and feel that he guided me, and not my own selfish wishes and passions.

P. S.—*Feb.* 18. I am still reading Wilberforce, and like him more and more. I think I enjoy reading the Bible more than ever, and am endeavoring to understand it—all desire for studying it for controversy is now gone entirely. I wish to know from it my duty, and what hopes of pardon and of heaven I may indulge. But, Oh, I lack faith and love, and do not find myself drawn to the study of the Bible and the contemplation of divine things as I wish I did. When I endeavor to direct all my mind to religious thoughts, I find it soon wandering to the things of this world—yes, even during religious services on the Sabbath. Oh, that I could have such a measure of the Holy Spirit given me as to make my religious duties of all others the most pleasant. \* \* \*

(*To the same, after the death of his son.*)

ASYLUM, UTICA, August 27, 1848, Sunday, 7 P. M.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I received your letter yesterday, and it afforded us all satisfaction. I read it to the children, and thank you for the good counsel you give. I beg you will write them and write us all as often as you can. I now prize above all things Christian consolation.

You wish to know about the funeral of our dear son. It was attended on Friday, and by a large number of people. Mr. Wiley officiated, and we thought very happily; his address was very good; they sung Watts' hymn, "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb." To-day Mr. Goodrich preached a funeral sermon in our chapel.

I can hardly tell you what my feelings are; tears flow as freely as at first, and at times I feel almost in despair at my loss. Then I feel at other times calm and to some degree resigned, and once or twice I have felt a kind of serene happiness that I never before enjoyed, as if I could now go on through life living solely for God and in obedience to his will. But now and then I feel a sort of deadness, as if I cared but little for any thing. My sole enjoyment, if I have any, is in reading the Bible and praying, espe-

cially with my family. Oh, I feel my guilt so heavily, in regard to my children, that I have not more sought their spiritual good, that I am sometimes almost wretched.

I feel the need of some good pious friend. I now love to talk on the subject of religion, and Mr. Goodrich has called several times, and has done us much good. I also intend to see the minister you name. It seems as if my religious state was peculiar. Ever since I wrote you, two years or more since, I have felt very different from what I formerly did; but still I have been constantly prone to forget God and neglect religious duties. Now I feel as if my greatest delight will be in religious contemplation; but I fear those feelings will not last; I feel as if there was some insuperable hindrance to my having true Christian faith and hope. Oh, pray for me.

I yesterday went to the grave of my son, and felt more composed after it. It was rather a pleasing thought, that near it was very likely to be my final resting place. I am glad I purchased a lot for a burial place.

*(To the same, on the death of his mother.)*

Monday, September 25, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER:—The sad but looked-for event has occurred, and I trust our dear mother is happy in heaven. She died very easily, at 10 this morning. I saw her last evening, and kissed her for the last time, when she said, "Oh, my dear son, I must leave you, but put your trust in God." \* \* \* I beg at all times an interest in your prayers, especially that our great afflictions may be sanctified to us, that we may derive all that instruction from them that our Heavenly Father intended, may see that it is his doings, and that we may be enabled to say in sincerity, "Thy will be done."

*(To the same.)*

ASYLUM, Sunday Evening, January 21, 1849.

DEAR BROTHER:—I was glad to have you ask about my feelings in relation to the most important of all subjects, as I had almost feared, from your long silence, that you either felt less yourself, or feared the subject would not be agreeable to me.

Ever since I saw you, no one thing has so much occupied my mind as that of religion. This alteration has arisen somewhat naturally, if I may so say, from my great affliction. Still, several years since, I found a change in my feelings and opinions on the subject, and from that time I have thought, and read, and prayed much that I might be enlightened, and led, and kept in the path of righteousness. I think I see and feel that God has been dealing with me by his mercies and his chastisements, warning me of my mortality, and showing me that I ought to forsake all sin, and strive to

become a true follower of Jesus Christ. But I have to lament that after all, the world, my cares here, engross by far too much of my time and thoughts, and that I still go on in sin, in want of control of my temper, and in neglect of God and my Saviour.

I feel, I know I feel, that a firm belief in the Christian religion, faith in God and Christ, and in a future state, is the most desirable of all blessings, and I would prefer it to any other. I long for it, and pray for it, and yet I cannot realize it as I ought and as I wish. I want to be able to realize more distinctly than I do the presence of God, and often envy those of old who *talked with God*.

I read the Scriptures much, and love to read them, and yet I feel that I do not understand them as I ought. I need the enlightenment the disciples had after Christ's resurrection, when he "opened their understandings that they should understand the Scriptures." I fear I have not that lively, constant faith, that others possess. If I had, I think I should be perfectly happy, and should fear no ill. Yet even now, I never was more calm and happy in mind, and I think on the whole never as much so. But it is rather an indifferent state of mind, I fear. I care now but little for the world; for imagination cannot now picture or present to me any situation on earth, any amount of wealth or honor, that would make me happy, or even add much to my enjoyment. I have ceased to look for happiness on earth; but my hopes or wishes for a happy immortality—to a re-union with those loved on earth—are greatly increased. But what can I do? I want a more certain, lively, and constant faith. I cannot say I have doubts to remove, but I want more earnest belief; for this I pray continually. I beg that you will pray for me.

*(To the same.—Written in time of the Cholera.)*

June 7, 1849.

Its general prevalence ought to make a deep impression on us, and serve to wean us from undue attachment to the world, and lead us to contemplate death as not improbably near. Unless I greatly deceive myself, my attachment to life is not great. I feel as if my mission on earth was nearly through, and that if I live even many years, I shall accomplish but little more. Still I wish to live, with a hope that I may become better and more fitted for an exchange of worlds. I cannot but hope that religious thoughts occupy me much and profitably; still I feel as if I had not the least claim to the pardon and mercy of God, because I have so long known his will and disregarded it; and even now, am not in heart and soul what I ought to be: selfish, unholy thoughts occupy me too much, and thoughts of God and my Saviour too little.

*On the Death of Dr. A. Brigham, Superintendent of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, his Son, and his Mother, all within the period of a few months, and all in the hopes of the Gospel.*

Passing away, passing away,  
Unto a land of rest ;  
Passing away, passing away,  
With Jesus to be blest.

Not as the flower of early bloom,  
Nipt in its vernal birth ;  
Not as the oak, by lightning doom'd,  
Falls riven to the earth.

That flower shall bloom by Eden's streams,  
In amaranthine hues ;  
That oak shall grow, 'mid forests green,  
Nurtur'd by Heavenly dews.

Then weep not for the pious dead,  
As for the absent lost ;  
They rest with Christ, their glorious Head,  
No more on billows tost.

Weep for "the dead in Christ," who live ?  
For prisoners now set free ?  
Weep for the sick, who now revive  
In immortality ?

Oh ! for the living, rather, weep,  
With toil and sorrow driven ;  
Who still in sin and folly sleep,  
Nor seek the path to Heaven.

C. E. G.